

57. d. 5.
THE
Spanish Tragedie:
Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bel-imperia*:
with the pittifull death of olde

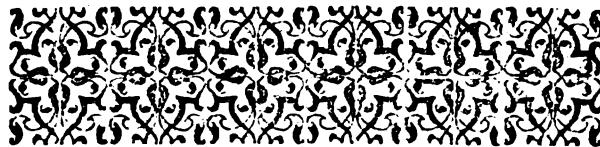
Hieronimo.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with
new additions of the Painters part, and
others, as it hath of late been
diuers times acted.



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1602.



ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Renenge.

Ghost.


Here this eternall substance of my soule,
Did liue imprisond in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function seruing others neede,
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court:
My name was *Don Andrea*, my discent
Though not ignoble, yet inferiour farre
To gratiouse fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my yeeres,
By duetious seruice, and deseruing loue,
In secret I possesse a worthy Dame,
Which hight sweete *Bel-imperia* by name:
But in the haruest of my sommer ioyes,
Deathes winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,
Forceng diuorce betwixt my loue and me:
For in the late conflict with *Portingale*,
My valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Till life to death made passage through my woundes:
When I was slaine, my soule descended straignt
To passe the flowing streme of *Acheron*,
But churlish *Charon* onely Boat-man there,
Said, that my rites of buriall not performde,
I might not sit amonst his passengers:
Ere Sol had slept three nighetes in *Thetis* lap,
And slakt his linoaking Chariot in her floud,
By *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marshals sonne,
My Funerall and obsequies were done:
Then was the Ferri-man of Hell content,

A 2.

To

The Spanish Tragedie.

To passe me ouer to the stonye strond,
That leades to sell *Aurum* ougly waues.
There pleasing *Corbus* with hained speach,
I pass the perils of the fornoft porch,
Not farre from hence amidst ten thousand soules,
Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadaman*:
To whom no sooner gan I make approach,
To craue a pasport for my wandring Gholt,
But *Mines* in grauen leue's of Lotterie,
Drew soorth the manner of my lyfe and death.
This Knight (quoth he) both liu'd and dyed in loue,
And for his loue tryed fortune of the Warres,
And by Warres fortune, lost both loue and life.
Why then sayd *Eacus*, conuey him hence,
To walke with Louers in our fieldes of loue,
And spend the course of euerlissing time,
Vnder greene Mirtle trees and Cypers shades.
No, no, sayd *Rhadaman*, it were not well,
With louing soules, to place a Martialish;
He died in warre, and must to Martiall fieldes:
Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,
And *Achilles* mermedons to scoure the plaine.
Then *Minos* mildest censor of the three,
Made this deuice to end the difference.
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall Kinge:
To dooming him as best seemes his Maiestie:
To this effect my pasport straight was drawne,
In keeping on my way to *Platos* Court,
Through dreadfull shades of euer gloomyng night:
I saw more sightes then thousand tonges can tell,
Or pennes can write, or mortall hartes can thinke.
Three wayes there were, that on the right hand side,
Was ready way vnto the foresaide fieldes,
Where Louers liue, and bloodie Martialistes:
But either sort containd within his boundes,
The left hand path declining fearefullie,
Was ready downefall to the deepest hell,

Wh: e

The Spanish Tragedie.

Where bloodie furies shakes their whippes of Steele,
And poore *Elien* turns an endles wheele:
Where Vzurers are choakt with melting gold,
And Wantons are imbrastle with ouglie Snakes,
And Murderers greeue with euerkilling woundes,
And Periurde wightes scalded in boyling lead,
And all foule sinnes with tormentes overwhelmed,
Twixt these two wayes, I trode the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire *Elior* greene:
In middist whereof, there standes a stately Towre,
The Walles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant:
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
I shewed my Pasport humbled on my knee:
Wherat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
And begd that onely she might give my doome.
Pluto was please, and seal'd it with a kisse.
Foorthwith *Renenge* she rounded thee in th'ear,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of Horror:
Where dreames haue passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but we were heere,
I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.

Renenge.

Then know *Andrea*, that thou art arived,
Wher thou shalt see the author of thy death:
Don Balthazar the Prince of *Portingale*,
Depriv'd of life by *Bel-imperia*:
Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie.

Enter Spanish King, Generall, *Castile*, *Hieronimo*.
King.

Now say Lord Generall, how fares our Campe?
Gen. All wel my soueraigne Liege, except some few,
That are deceast by fortune of the Warre.
King. But what portendes thy checerefull countenance,
And posling to our presence thus in hast?
Speake man, hath fortune giuen vs victories?

A 3.

Gen.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Gen. Victorie my Liege, and that with little losse.

King. Our Portingales will pay vs tribute then.

Gen. Tribute, and wanted homage there withall.

King. Then blest be heauen, and guider of the heauens,

From whose faire influence such iustice flowes.

Cast. *O multum dilecta Deo, tibi militas aether.*

Et coniuncta curvata poplito gentes

Succumbunt: recti sror est victoria iuris.

King. Thankes to my louing brother of Castiler

But Generall, vs folde in briete discourse

Your forme of Battell, and your Warres successe,

That adding all the pleasure of thy newes.

Vnto the height of former happiness,

With deeper wage and greater dignitie,

We may reward thy blisfull chualtrie.

Gen. Where Spain and Portingale do ioyntly knie.

Their frontires, leaning on each others bound:

There met our Armies in their proud array:

Both furnishit well, both full of hope and feare:

Both menacing a like with datering shoues,

Both vaunting sundrie colours of deuice,

Both cheereley sounding trumpets, drummes, and fisst:

Both raysing dreadfull clamors to the skie,

That vallies, hilles, and riuers made rebound,

And heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound.

Our Battels both were pitcht in Squadron forme,

Each corner strongly fensit with winges of shot:

But ere we ioynde and came to push of Pike,

I brought a Squadron of our readiest shot

From out our reareward, to begin the fight,

They brought an other wing to encounter vs:

Meane while, our Ordinance played on either side,

And Capaines stroue to haue their valours tride,

Don Pedro their chiefe Horsemens Coronell

Did with his Coronet brauely make attempt,

To breake the order of our Battell-rankes:

But *Don Rogero*, worthy man of warre,

Marcht:

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Marcht foorth against him with our Musketers,
And stopt the malice of his fell approch:
While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro,
Both Battailles ioyne, and fall to handie blowes;
Their violent Shot resembling th' Oceans rage,
When roaring loude, and with a swelling tyde,
It beates vpon the rampiers of huge Rockes,
And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding landes:
Now while *Bellona* rageth heere and there,
Thicke stormes of Bullets ran like Winters hayle,
And shiuered Launces, darkt the troubled ayre.

Pede pes & cuspis cuspis.

Anni sonant annis, ut petitur quo viri.

On every side drop Captaines to the ground,
And Souldiers lie traunde, some slaine outright:
Heere falleth a body fundered from his head,
There legges and armes lie bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with weapons and vnbowed steedes,
That scattering, ouer spread the purple plaine:
In all this turmoyle three long houres and more,
The victorie to neither part inclinde,
Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In their maine Battell made so great a breach,
That halse dismayde, the multitude retirde
But *Balthazar* the Portingales young Prince,
Brought rescue, and encourage them to stay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
And in that conflict was *Andrea* slaine,
Braue man at armes, but weake to *Balthazar*,
Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,
Breath'd out proud vauntes, sounding to our reproch,
Friendship and hardie valour ioynd in one,
Prickt foorth *Horatio* our Knight-marshals sonne,
To challenge foorth that Prince to single fight:
Not long betweene these twaine the fight indurde,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horsie,
And forcit to yeelde him prisoner to his foe.

When

The Spanish Tragedie.

When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to the death,
Till Phœbus wauing to the westerne deepe,
Our Trumpeters were chargde to sound retreat.

King. Thanks good L General for these good newes,
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this and weare it for thy Soueraignes sake.

Gives him his Chaine.

But tell me now, Hast thou confirnde a peace?

Gen. No peace my Liege, but peace condicionall,
That if with homage tribute be well payde,
The furie of your forces will be stayde.
And to this peace their Vice-roy hath subscribde.

Gives the K. a paper.

And made a solemnne vow, that during life,
His tribute shalbe cruelly payde to Spayne.

King. These wordes, these deedes, become thy person well,
But now Right Marshall, frolicks with the King,
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that Battels prize.

Hiero. Long may he liue to serue my Soueraigne liege,
And soone decay, valesle he serue my Liege.

ATrumpet a farre off.

King. Nor thou nor he, shall die without reward,
What meaneas this warning of this Trumpet sounds?

Gen. This tels me that your graces men of Warre,
Such as Warres fortune hath reseru'd from death,
Come marching on towardes your roiall seate,
To shew thenelues before your Maestie,
For so I gaued them charge at my depart:
Whereby by demonstration shall appeare,
That all (except three hundred, or few more)
Are safe returnd, and by their foes inricht.

*The Armie enters, Balthazar betweenne Lorenzo
and Horatio captive.*

King. A gladsome sight, I long to see them heere.
They enter and passe by.

Was that the war-like Prince of Portingale?

Th-

The Spanish Tragedie.

That by our Nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was my Liege, the Prince of Portingale;

King. But what was he that on the other side,

Hele him by th'arme as partner of the prize?

Hiero. That was my Sonne my gracious Soueraigne,
Of whom, though from his tender infancie,
My louing thoughtes did never hope but well;
He never pleaseid his fathers eyes till now,
Nor fild my hart with ouer cloying ioyes.

King. Goe let them march once more about these walles,
That staying them, we may conferre and talke
With out brave prisoner, and his double Guard.

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseith vs,
That in our victorie thou haue a share,
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exployt: *Enter againe.*
Bring hither the young Prince of Portingale,
The rest march on: but ere they be dismisse,
We will bestow on every Souldier two Duckets,
And on euery Leader ten, that they may know
Our larges welcomes them.

Exeunt all but *Bal. Lor. Hor.*

Welcome *Don Balthazar*, welcome Nephew,
And thou *Horatio* thou art welcome too:
Yong prince, althought thy fathers hard misdeedes,
In keeping backe the tribute that he owes,
Deserue but euill measure at our hands:
Yet shalt thou know that Spaine is honourable.

Bal. The trespassse that my father made in peace,
Is now controulid by fortune of the warres:
And cardes once dealt, it boots not aske why so,
His men are slaine, a weakening to his Realme,
His colours ceazd, a blot vnto his name,
His sonne distrest, a corsiue to his heart,
These punishments may cleare his late offence.

King. I *Balthazar*, if he obserues this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these warres:
Meane while liue thou as though not in libertie,

B.

Yet

The Spanish Tragedie.

Yet from bearing any seruile yoake :
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thy selfe art gracious.

Balt. And I shall studie to deserue this grace.

King. But tell me, for their holding makes me doubt,
To which of these twaine art thou prisoner ?

Lor. To me my liege.

Hor. To me thy Soueraigne.

Lor. This hand first tooke the courser by the raine.

Hor. But first my launce did put him from his horse.

Lor. I ceaz'd his weapon and enyoy'd it first.

Hor. But first I forst him lay his weapons downe.

King. Let go his arme vpon our priuiledge.

Let him go.

So, worthy prince, to whether didst thou yeeld ?

Balt. To him in curteisie to this perforse :

He spake me faire, this other gaue me strookes :

He promiseide life, this other threatened death :

He wan my loue, this other conquered me :

And trueth to say, I yeeld my selfe to both.

Hero. But that I know your Grace for iust and wise,

And might seeme partall in this difference,

Insoit by nature, and by law of Armes,

My tongue should plead for yong *Horatios* right.

He hunted well that was a Lions death,

Not he that in a garment wore his skin :

So Hares may pull dead Lyons by the beard.

King. Content thee Marshall, thou shalt haue no wrong.

And for thy sake thy sonne shall want no right.

Will both abide the censure of my doome ?

Lor. I craue no better then your Grace awarde.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. I hen by my judgement thus your strife shall ende,

You both deserue, and both shall haue reward.

Nephew, thou tookest his weapon, and his horse

His weapons and his horse are thy reward.

Horatio, thou didst force him first to yeeld,

His

The Spanish Tragedie.

His ransome therefore is thy valours see :
Appoint the summe as you shall both agree,
But Nephew, thou shalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.
Horatios house were small for all his traine.
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that iust guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yeeld the Armor of the Prince.
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice ?

Bal. Right well my leige, if this prouiso were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs companie,
Whom I admire and loue for cheualrie.

King. *Horatio*, leauie him not that loues thee so,
Now let vs hence to see our souldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Viceroy, Alessandro, Villuppa.*

Vice. Is our Embassadour dispatcht for Spaine ?
Alex. Two daies (my liege) are past since his depart.

Vice. And tribute payment gone along with him ?

Alex. I my good Lord.

Vice. Then rest we heere awhile in our vnrest,
And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes,
For deepest cares breake never into teares.
But wherefore sit I in Regall throne,
This better fits a wretches endles moane,
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therefore better then my state deserues.

Falles to the ground.

I, I, this earth, Image of melancholy,
Seekes him whom tates adiudged to miserie,
Heere let me lie, now am I at the lowest.

*Quis iacet in terra non habet unde cadat,
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo,
Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.*

Yes Fortune may bereauie me of my Crownes,
Heere take it now, let Fortune do her worst.
She will not rob me of this sable weede :

B 2

O no,

The Spanish Tragodie.

O no, she enuies none but pleasant things,
Such is the foliy of despitefull chance,
Fortune is blinde, and sees not my deserts,
So is she deafe, and heares not my lamentes:
And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad,
And therefore will not pittie my distresse.
Suppose that she could pittie me, what then?
What helpe can be expected at her hands?
Whose foote standing on a rouling stone,
And minde more mutable then ficle winder,
Why waile I then wher's hope of no redresse?
O yes, complaining makes my griefe seeme lesse;
My late ambition hath distaind my faith,
My breach of faith occasion'd bloodie warres,
Those bloodie warres haue spent my treasure,
And with my treasure, my peoples blood,
And with their blood, my ioy and best beloued,
My best beloued, my sweete and onely Sonne.
O wherfore went I not to warre my selfe?
The cause was mine, I might haue died for both:
My yeeres were mellow, his but young and greeves,
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt my liege but still the prince suruies.

Vice. Suruies, I where?

Alex. In Spaine a prisoner by mischance of warre.

Vice. Then they haue slaine him for his fathers fault.

Alex. I hat were a breech to common law of Armes.

Vice. They reake no lawes that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ransomes woorth will stay from soule reuenge,

Vice. No if he lived, the newes would soone be heere.

Alex. Nay, cull newes will flie faster still than goud.

Vice. Tell me no more of newes, for he is dead.

Vill. My Soueraigne, pardon the Authour of ill newes,

And Ile bewray the fortune of thy sonne.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,

Mine eare is readie to receive ill newes,

Mine heart grone hard gainst mischies battarie:

Stand

The Spanish Tragedie.

Stand vp I say and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then heare the truth which these mine eyes haue seen
When both the Armies were in battell ioyn'd,
Don Balthazar amidst the thickest troupes,
To winne renowne, did wondrous feats of Armes :
Amongst the rest, I saw him hand to hand
In single fight with their Lord Generall,
Till *Alexandro* that here counterfeites,
Vnder the colour of a duteous friend,
Discharged his Pistoll at the Princes backe,
As though he would haue slaine their Generall,
But therewithall *Don Balthazar* fell downe,
And when he fell, then began we to flie:
But had he liued, the day had sure beeene ours.

Alex. O wicked forgerie : O traiterous miscreant.

Vice. Hold thou thy peace : but now *Villuppo* say,
Where then became the carkasse of my sonne ?

Villuppo. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue told me this :
Thou false, vnkind, vnthankfull trayterous beast,
Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,
That thou shouldest thus betray him to our foes ?
Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts ?
Perhaunce because thou art *Terfares* Lord ?
Thou hadst some hope to were this Diademe.
If first my Sonne, and then my selfe were slaine :
But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy necke,
I, this was it that made thee spill his blood.

Take the Crowne and put it on againe.

But he now weare it till thy blood be spilt.

Alex. Vouchsafe (dread Soueraigne) to heare me speake.

Vice. Away with him, his sight is lecond hell,
Keep him till we determine of his death.

If *Balthazar* be dead, he shall not liue.

Villuppo follow vs for thy reward.

Villuppo. Thus haue I with an envious forged tale,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Deceived the King, betrayd mine enemie,
And hope for guerdon of my villanie.

Exit.

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place and houre,
Wherin I must intreat thee to relate,
The circumstance of *Don Andreas* death :
Who living was my garlands sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Hor. For loue of him, and seruice to your selfe,
I will refuse this hearie dotefull charge :
Yet teares and sighes I feare will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight,
Your worthy Chauisier amidst the thickst,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by yong *Don Balthazar*,
Encountred hand to hand : their fight was long,
There hearts were great, their clamours menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous,
But wrathfull *Nemesis* that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* praise and worth,
Cut short his life to end his praise and worth,
She, she her selfe disguisde in armours maske,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus* :)
Brought in fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his horse, and dingd him to the ground :
Then yong *Don Balthazar* with ruthles rage,
Taking aduantage of his foes distresse,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then thought too late incenst with iust remorce,
I with my band set forth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers,
Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him that so slew my loue,
But then was *Don Andreas* carkasse lost ?
Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly stroue,
Nor slept I backe till I recovered him :
I tooke him vp and wound him in my armes.

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And welding him unto my priuate tent,
There layd him downe and dewd him with my teares,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrowes, sighes nor teares,
Could win pale death from his surped right.
Yet this I did, and leslie I could not doe:
I saw him honoured with due funeral,
This scarfe pluckt off from his liuel armes,
And weare it in remembrance of my friend,

Bel. I know the scarfe, would he had kept it still.
For had he liued he would haue kept it still,
And worne it for his *Bel-imperias* sake:
For twas my fauour at his last depart,
But now weare it both for him and me,
For after him thou hast deserued it best.
But for thy kindnes in his life and death,
Be sure while *Bel-imperias* life endures,
She will be *Don Horatios* thankfull friend.

Hor. And (Madame) *Don Horatio* will not slacke,
Humbly to serue faire *Bel-imperia*.
But now if your good liking stand thereto,
Ile craue your pardon to go secke the Prince,
For so the Duke your father gaue me charge,

Bel. I, go *Horatio*, leaue me heere alone,
For solitude best fits my cheereles mood:
Yet what availes to waile *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* proues my second loue?
Had he not loued *Andreas* as he did,
He could not sit in *Bel-imperias* thoughtes.
But how can loue finde harbour in my brest,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued.
Yes, second loue shall further my reuenge.
Ile loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* friend,
The more to spight the Prince that wrought his end.
And where *Don Baltazar* that slew my loue,
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my iust disdaine,

Reape

The Spanish Tragedie.

These cloudes will ouerblow with litle windes,
Let me alone, Ile scatter them my selfe;
Meane while let vs devise to spend the time,
In some delightfull sports and reuellling.

Hor. The King, my Lord, is comming hither straight,
To feast the Portugall Embassadour,
Things were in readines before I came.

Bal. Then heere it fits vs to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Embassadour,
And learne my Father and my Countries health.

Enter the banquett, Trumpets, the King, and Embassadour.

King. See, Lord Embassadour, how Spaine entreates
Their prisoner, *Balhazar*, thy Viceroyes sonne:
We pleasure more in kindnes then in warres.

Emboss. Sad is our King, and Portugal laments,
Supposing that *Don Balhazar* is slaine.

Bal. So am I slaine by beauties tyrannie:
You see, my Lord, how *Balhazar* is slaine,
I frolike with the Duke of *Castiles* sonne,
Wrapt every houre in pleasures of the Court,
And grac'd with fauours of his Maiechie.

King. Put off your greetings till our feast be done,
Now come and sit with vs and taste our cheere.

Sit to the Banquet.

Sit downe young Prince, you are our second guest,
Brother sit downe, and Nephew take your place,
Signior *Horatio* waite thou upon our Cup,
For well thou haft deserued to be honoured.
Now, Lordings, fall too, Spaine is Portugall,
And Portugal is Spaine, we both are friends,
Tribute is paide, and we enjoy our right.
But where is old *Hieronimo* our Marshall?
He promised vs in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous iest.

C

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Hieronimo with a Drum, three Knights, each his
Scutchin: then he fetches three Kings; they take
their Crownes and them capiue.

Hieronimo, this Maske contentes thine eye,
Although I sound not well the mysterie.

Hiero. The first arm'd Knight, that hung his Scutchin vp,
He takes the Scutchin and gives it to the King.

Was English Robert Earle of Gloster,
Who when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arrived with ffeue and twentie thousand men
In Portingale, and by successe of warre,
Enforced the King (then but a Sarasin)
To beare the yoke of the English Monarchie.

King. My Lord of Portingale, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse:
But say Hieronimo, what was the next?

Hiero. The second Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He doth as he did before.

Was Edmond Earle of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the Diadem:
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walles,
And tooke the King of Portingale in fight:
For which, and other suchlike seruice done,
He after was created Duke of Yorke.

King. This is an other speciall argument,
That Portingale may daine to beare our yoke,
When it by little Engllng hath been yoked:
But now Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hiero. The third and last, not least in our account,
Doing as before.

Was (as the rest) a valiant English-man,
Eraue John of Gant the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his Scutchin plainly may appeare:
He with a puissant armie came to Spaine,
And tooke our King of Castile prisoner.

Emrys. This is an argument for our Viceroy,

That

The Spanish Tragedie.

That Spaine may not insult for her successe,
Since English warriours likewise conquered Spaine,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drinke to thee for this deuice,
Which hath pleasde both the Embassadour and me:
Pledge me Hieronimo, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cup of Horatio,

My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer long,
Vnlesse our dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we haue.
Now let vs in, that you may be dispatcht,
I thinke our Counsell is alreadie set.

Exeunt omnes.

Andrea.

Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To see him feast, that gaue me my deathes wound?
These pleasant fightes are sorrow to my soule,
Nothing but leauge, and loue, and banqueting?

Reuengo.

Be still *Andrea*, ere we go from hence,
Ile turne their friendship into fell despight:
Their loue to mortall hate, their day to night,
Their hope into dispaire, their peace to warre,
Their ioyes to paine, their blisse to miserie.

ACTVS SECUNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Bel-imperia* seeme thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted ioy:
In time the sauage Bull sustaines the yoake,
In time all haggard Hawkes will stoope to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest Oake,
In time the Flint is pearst with softest shower,
And she in time will fall from her disdaine,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly paine.

C 2.

Balt.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bal. No, she is wilder and more hard withall,
Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
But wherefore blot I *Bel-imperias* name ?
It is my fault, not she that merites blame.
My feature is not to content her sight,
My wordes are rude, and worke her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as doe drop from *Pan* and *Marsias* quill :
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthles, all my labours lost.
Yet might she loue me for my valiancie :
I, but that's slandered by captiuitie.
Yet might she loue me to content her fire ;
I, but her reason maisters his desire.
Yet might she loue me as her brothers friend :
I, but her hopes aime at some other end.
Yet might she loue me to vpreare her state :
I, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she loue me as her beauteous thrall,
I, but I feare she can not loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my sake leauue these extasies,
And doubt not but weeke finde some remedie,
Some cause there is that lets you not beloued :
First, that must needs be knownen, and then remoued.
What if my sister loue some other Knight ?

Bal. My sommers day will turne to winters night.
Lor. I haue already found a stratageme,
To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.
My Lord, for once you shall be rusde by me,
Hinder me not what ere you heare or see.
By force, or faire meanes will I cast about,
To finde the trueth of all this question out.
Ho, *Pedringano.*

Pedr. Signior,

Lor. Vien quo presto.

Enter *Pedringano.*

Ted. Haith your Lordship any seruice to command me ?

Lor. I,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. I, Pedringano, seruice of impart,
And not to spend the time in trifling words.
Thus stands the case : it is not long thou knowest,
Since I did shield thee from my fathers wrath,
For thy conuiance in *Andreas* loue :
For which thou werst adiudged to punishment,
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment :
And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee,
Now, to these fauours will I adde reward,
Not with faire wordes, but stoe of golden coyne,
And lands, and liuings, ioynd with dignities,
If thou but satisfie my iust demand.
Tell truthe, and haue me for thy lasting friend.

Ped. What ere it be your Lordship shall demaund,
My bounden dutie bids me tell the truthe :
If case it lis in me to tell the truthe.

Lor. Then, Pedringano, this is my demaund,
Whom loues my sister *Bel-imperia* ?
For she reposeth all her trust in thee :
Speake man, and gayne both friendship and reward :
I meane, whom loues she in *Andreas* place ?

Ped. Alas, My Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credite with her as before,
And therefore know not if she loue or no.

Lor. Nay, if thou dallie, then I am thy fo, *Draw his sword.*
And feare shall force what friendship connot winne,
Thy death shall bury what thy life concealest :
Thou diest, for more esteeming her then me.

Ped. Oh, stay, my Lord.
Lor. Yet speake the truthe, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from what ever can ensue,
And will conceale what ere proceedes from thine,
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

Ped. If Madame *Bel-imperia* be in loue,

Lor. What Villaine, iis and ands ? *Offer to kill him.*

Ped. Oh, stay, my Lord : She loues *Horatio*.

Balthazar starts backe.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. What *Don Horatio* our knight Marshals sonne?

Ped. Euen him my Lord.

Lor. Now say, but how knowest thou he is her loue?
And thou shal finde me kinde and liberal:
Stand vp I say, and feareles tell the truthe.

Ped. She sent him letters, which my selfe perusde,
Full fraught with sines and arguyments of loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

Lor. Sweare on this croffe that what thou sayest is true,
And that thou wilt conceale what thou hast tolde.

Ped. I sweare to both, by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine oath is true, heers thy reward,
But if I prooue thee perjurde and vniust,
This very sword whereon thou tookest thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

Ped. What I haue said is true, and shall for me,
Be still conceald from *Bel-imperia*.
Besides, your Honors liberalitie,
Deserves my dutious seruice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me,
Be watchfull when, and where these louers meeete,
And giue me notice in some secret sort.

Ped. I will my Lord.

Lor. Then shal thou finde that I am liberal,
Thou knowest that I can more aduance thy state:
Then she, be therefore wise and faile me not:
Goe and attend her as thy custome is,
Least absence make her thinke thou doest amisse.

Exit Pedringano.

Why so, *Tam armis quam ingenio*?

Where words penailes not, violence preuailes.

But gold doth more then either of them both.

How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratageme?

Bal. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my loue.
Sad, that I feare, she hates me whome I loue:
Glad, that I know on whom to be reuenged,

Sad,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Sad, that sheele flicke me if I take reuenge,
Yet must I take reuenge, or die my selfe,
For loue refisted growes impatient.
I thinke Horatio be my destinde plague.
First, in his hand he brandished a sword :
And with that sword, he fiercely waged warre,
And in that warre he gaue me dangerous woundes,
And by those woundes he forced me to yeeld,
And by my yeelding, I became his slave.
Now in his mouth he carres pleasing words,
Which pleasing words doe harbour sweet conceits,
Which sweete conceits are limbde with flicke deceites,
Which flicke deceites smoth Bel-imperias cares,
And through her cares diue downe into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stande:
Thus had he tane my body by his force,
And now by flicht would captiuate my soule :
But in his fall Ile tempt the delitines.
And either lose my life, or winne my loue.

Lor. Lets goo, my Lord, your stayng stayes reuenge,
Doe you but follow me, and gaue your loue.
Her fauour must be wonne by his remoue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.
Her. Now, Madamme, since by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame :
And that with lookes and wordes we feed our thoughts,
Two chiefe contents, where more cannot be had.
Thus in the midste of loues faire blandishments,
Why shew you signe of inward languishments,

Pearingano sheweth all to the Prince, and Lorenzo,
placing them in secrete.

Bel. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at Sea,
She wisheth port, where riding all at ease,
She may repaire what stormie times haue worne :
And leaning on the shore may sing with ioy,
That pleasure follow paine, and blisse annoy.

Possession

The Spanish Tragedie.

Possession of thy loue is th'only port,
Wherein my heart with scares and hopes long lost,
Each houre doeth wish and long to make resort,
Thereon repayre the ioyes that it hath lost:
And sitting safe to sing in *Cupids Quite*,
That sweetest blisse is crowne of loues desire.

Balthazar above.

Bal. O, sleepe, mine eyes: see not my loue prophande.
Be deafe my eares, heare not my discontene.
Die heart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine eyes, to see the loue disloynd:
Heare still mine eares, to heare them both lament:
Leave heart to ioy at fond *Horatius* fall.

Bal. Why stands *Horatio* speechles all this while?

Hor. The lesse I speake, the more I meditate.

Bal. But whereon doest thou chiefly meditate?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Bal. On pleasure past and dangers to ensue.

Bal. What dangers, and what pleasures doest thou meane?

Hor. Dangers of warre, and pleasures of our loue.

Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none all.

Bal. Let dangers goe, thy warre shall be with me:
But such a warring as breakes no bond of peace.
Spake thou faire words, Ile croise them with faire wordes,
Send thou sweet lookes, Ile meete them with sweete lookes:
Write louing lines, Ile answere louing lines:
Give me a kisse, Ile countercheke thy kisse,
Be this our warring peace, or peacefull warre.

Hor. But gracious Madame, then appoint the field,
Where triall of this warre shall first be made.

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldnes growes?

Bal. Then by thy fathers pleasant bower the field
Where first we vowde our mutuall amitie:
The Court were dangerous, that place is safe:
Our house shall be when *Vesper* gins to rise,
That summons home distresfull trauellers.
There none shall heare vs but the harmelesse birdes:

Happely

The Spanish Tragedie.

Happily the gentle Nightingale,
Shall carroll vs asleepe ere we be ware :
And singing with the prickle at her brest,
Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance.
Till then each houre will seeme a yeere and more.

Hor. But honie sweet, and honourable loue,
Retorne we now into your fathers sight,
Dangerous suspition waites on our delight.

Lor. I, danger mixt with jealous dispite,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night. *Exeunt.*

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embassadour,
Don Ciprian. &c.

King. Brother of *Castile*, to the Princes loue,
What sayes your daughter *Bel-imperia* ?

Cip. Although she coy it as becomes her kinde,
And yet dissemble that she loues the Prince :
I doubt not I, but she will stoope in time.
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my aduise,
Which is to loue him, or forgoe my loue.

King. Then *Lord Embassadour of Portingale*,
Aduise thy King to make this mariage vp,
For strengthing of our late confirmed league.
I know no better meanes to make vs friends,
Her dowrie shall be large and liberall,
Besides that, she is daughter and halfe heire,
Vnto our brother, heire *Don Ciprian*,
And shall enjoy the moitie of his land,
He grace her mariage with an vncles gift.
And this it is, in case the match goe forward,
The tribute which you pay shall be releas'd,
And if by *Balbazar* she haue a sonne,
He shall enjoy the kingdome after vs.

Embass. I'll make the motion to our Soueraigne liege,
And worke it if my counsaile may preuaile.

King. Do so, my Lord, and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence heire will honour vs.

D

In

The Spanish Tragedie.

In celebration of the nuptiall day,
And let himself determine of the time.

Em. Wilt please your grace to command me ought beside?

King. Command me to the king, and so Fare-wel.
But whers Prince Balthazar, to take his leave?

Em. That is performde already, my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes ranlome must not be forgote:
Thats none of mine, put his that tooke him prisoner,
And well his forwardnes deserues reward.
It was Horatio, our Knight-marshals sonne.

Em. Betweene vs ther's a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.

King. Then once againe, Fare-wel, my Lord.

Em. Fare-well my Lord o' Castile, and the rest. *Exit.*

King. Now brother, you must take some little paine,
To winne faire Bel-imperia from her will:
Yong virgins must be ruled by their friends,
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well,
If she neglect him and forgoe his loue,
She both will wrong her owne estate and ours.
Therefore whiles I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasures that our Court affords,
Endeavour you to winne your daughters thoughts;
It she give backe, all this will come to naught. *Exaudi.*

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings,
To over-cloud the brightnes of the Sunne,
And that in darkenes, pleasures may be done:
Come, Bel-imperia, let vs to the Bower,
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

Bel. I follow thee, my loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting heart controules my soule.

Hor. Why make you doubt of Pedringanos faith.
Bel. No, he is as tristly as my second selfe.
Goe, Pedringano, watch without the gate,
And let vs know if any make reproch.

Ped. In

The Spanish Tragedie.

Pedr. In stead of watching, Ile deserue more gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. *Exit Pedr.*

Hor. What meanes my loue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe :
And yet my heart foretels me some mischance.
Hor. Sweet, say not so : faire Fortune is our friend,
And heauens haue shut vp day to pleasure vs.
The starres thou seeft hold backe their twinkling shine,
And *Loue* hides her selfe to pleasure vs.

Bel. Thou haft preuailde, Ile conquer my misdoubte
And in thy loue and counsell drowne my feare :
I feare no more, loue now is all my thoughts,
Why sit we not, for pleasure asketh eare.

Hor. The more thou liest within these leauie boweres,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her flowers.

Bel. I but if *Flora* spie *Horatio* heere,
Her ielous eye, will thinke I sit too neare.

Hor. Harke Madame, how the birds record by night,
For ioy that *Bel-imperia* sits in sight,

Bel. No, *Cupid* counterfeits the Nightingale,
To frame sweet musick to *Horatio* tales.

Hor. If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is not farre,
I, thou art *Venus*, or some fairer starre,

Bel. If I be *Venus*, thou must needs be *Mars*,
And where *Mars* reigneþ there must needs be warre.

Hor. Then thus beginne our warres, put forth thy hand,
That it may combate with my ruder hand.

Bel. See forth thy foote to triu the push of mine.

Hor. But first my lookes shall combate against thine.

Bel. Then ward thy selfe, I dart this kiste at thee.

Hor. Thus I set on the dart thou threwst at me.

Bel. Nay, then to gyne the glory of the field,
My twinning armes shall yoke and make thee yeld.

Hor. Nay, then my armes are large and strong withall,
Thus *Eimes* by vines ate compast till they fall.

Bel. O let me go, for in my troubled eyes,
Now mayest thou read that life in passion die.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hor. O stay awhile, and I will die with thee.
So shalst thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered me.

Bel. Who's there, *Pedringano?* We are betraide.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, Pedringano disguised.

Lor. My Lord, away with her, take her aside,

O, sir, forbeare, your valour is alreadie tride.

Quickely dispatch my masters. They hang him in his shrowd.

Hor. What, will ye murder me?

Lor. I thus, and thus: these are the fruities of *treason*.

They stab him.

Bal. O faint his life, and let me die for him:

O, saue him brother, saue him *Balthazar*:

I loued *Horatio*, but he loued not me.

Balt. But *Balthazar* loues *Bet-imperie*.

Lor. Alchongh his life were ambitious proud,

Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel. Murder, murder, helpe *Hieronimo* helpe,

Lor. Come, stop her mouth, away with her.

Enter Hieronimo in his shrowd.

Hier. What ouer-crie calls me from my naked bed.

And chill my throbbing heart with trembling feare,

Whinch never danger yet could daunte before;

Who calls *Hieronimo*? speake, heate I am;

I did not slumber therefore twas no-dreames,

No, no, it was some woman criide for helpe,

And here within the garden did she cry,

And in this garden mast I telue her,

But stay, what murderous spectacle is this?

A man hangde vp and all the murderers gone,

And in my hower, to lay the guilt on me,

This place was made for pleasure not for death!

He takes him downe.

Those garments that he weares I oft haue seene;

Alas, it is *Horatio* my sweet sonne,

O no, but he that whosome was my sonne.

O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed,

O, speake if any sparke of life remained,

I am

The Spanish Tragedie.

I am thy father: who hath slaine my sonne?
What sauge monster, not of humaine kinde,
Heere hath beeene glistered with thy harmoles blood?
And left thy bloodie corpes dishonoured heere,
For me amidst this darke and deathfull shades,
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my teares.
O, heauens why made you night to couer sinnes?
By day this deede of darkenes had not beeene.
O, earth why didst thou not in time deuoure,
The vile prophaines of this sacred bower.
O, poore *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdone?
To leese thy life ere life was new begun,
O, wicked Butcher what so ere thou were,
How couldst thou stangle vertue and desert?
Aye me most wretched that haue lost my ioy,
In leesing my *Horatio* my sweet boy.

Enter *Isabella*.

My husbands absence inskei my heart to throb
Hieronimo. Hier. Heere *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
For sighes are stopt, and all my teares are spent.
What world of grise my sonne *Horatio*?
Wheres the aghour of this entiles woe.
Hero. To know the aghour were some easse of grise,
For in remeinge my heart would find relief.

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my sonne gone too?
O, gash out teares, fountaines and floods of teares,
Blow sighes and raise anuerlastinge storme,
Our outrage fits our cursed wretchednes,
Aye me, *Hieronimo* sweet husband speakes.

Hier. He slept with vs to night, fridike and mery,
And said he would goe visit *Bastard* at the Duke's
At the Dukes Palace: there the Prince doth lodge.
He had no custome to stay out so late,
He may be in his chamber, some go lese *Rodrigo*.
Enter *Pedro*, and *Iaques*.

Isa. Aye me, he raves, sweet *Hieronimo*.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hiero. True, all Spaine takes note of it.
Besides he is so generally beloued,
His Maestie the other day did grace him
With waitting on his cup: these be fauours
Which doe assure me cannot be short lived.

Isa. Sweet Hieronimo;

Hiero. I wonder how this fellow got his clothes?

Syrha, sirha, we know the trueth of all:

Jaques, runne to the Duke of Castile presently,

And bid my sonne Horatio to come home.

I, and his mother haue had strange dreames to night.
Doe ye heare me sir?

Jaques. I, sir.

Hiero. Well sir, begon. *Pedro*, come hither knowest thou
who this is.

Ped. Too well, sir.

Hiero. Too well, who? who is it? Peace, *Isabella*: Nay
blush not man.

Ped. It is my Lord, Horatio.

Hieronimo. Sicut Laius, but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my selfe.

Ped. Deluded?

Hier. I, I would haue sworne my selfe within this houre,

That this had bee my sonne Horatio,

His garments are folike: Ha, are thou not great perswadours,

Ha, O would to God it were not so.

Hier. Were not, *Isabella*, doest thou dreame it is?

Can thy soft bosome intertaine a thought,

That such a blacke deede of mischiefe should be done,

On one so poore and spotles as our sonne?

Away, I am ashamed.

Isa. Deare Hieronimo, cast a more serious eye vpon thy

Weake apprehension gines but weake beleift.

Hier. It was a manure that was hanged vp here,

A youth, as I remembre, I cut him downe:

If it should prooue my sonne now I fearely

Say you, say you, light lead me a paper,

Let me looke againe.

O God, confusion, mischiefe, torment, death and hell,

Drop

The Spanish Tragedie.

Drop all your stinges at once in my cold bosome,
That now is stiffe with horror, kill me quickly :
Be gracious to me thou infectiue night,
And drop this deede of murder downe on me,
Gird in my wast of griefe with thy large darkenesse,
And let me not surviue, to see the light
May put me in the minde I had a sonne,

Ifa. O, sweet Horatio, O, my dearest sonne.

Hier. How strangly had I lost my way to griefe.
Sweet louely rose, ill pluckt before thy time :
Faire worthy sonne, not conquered but betraide :
Ile kisse thee now, for wordes with teares are stainted.

Ifa. And Ile close vp the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were onely my delight.

Hier. Seest thou this hand-kercher besmerd with blood,
It shall not from me till I take reuenge :
Seest thou these woundes that yet are bleeding fresh,
Ile not intombe them till I haue revengd :
Then will I ioy amidst my discouertes,
Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.

Ifa. The heauens are iuit, murder cannot be hid,
Time is the authour both of trueth and right,
And time will bring this treacherie to light.

Hier. Meane while, good Isabella, cease thy plaintes,
Or at the least dissemble them awhile.
So shall we sooneir finde the practise out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about.
Come, Isabella, now lets take him vp,

They take him vp.

And beare him in from out this cursed place,
Ile say his dirge, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mibi quas pulchram ver educet herbas;

Hier. lets his brest vnto his sword.

Miscat & nostre datur medicina doloris;

Aut si qui faciunt annum oblitinia succos,

Prebeat, spem mecum magnum quicunque per arborem,

Gramina Sol pulchras efficit in lumenis oras,

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The Spanish Tragedie.

*If se bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid & irram euocaca menia necte.
Omnia perpetiar letum quoque dum semel omnis.
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus :
Ergo tuus oculus nunquam (mea vita) videbo.
Et tua perpetuus sepelit lumina somnus,
Emor iar tecum sic, Sic iuuare sub umbras,
At tamen absit in properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem videnti tuam tam nulla tequatur.*

Here he throwes it from him and beares the body away,

Antra.

Broughst thou me hither to encrease my paine :
I looke that Balthazar should haue beene slaine.
But vs my friend Horatio that is slaine :
And they abuse faire Bel-imperia,
On whom I doored more then all the world,
Because she loued me more then all the world.

Retenge.

Thou talkest of haruest when the corne is greene,
The end is growne of every worke well-done :
The sickle comes not till the corne be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile shew thee Balthazar in heauie case.

ACTVS TERCIUS.

Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alessandro, Villappo.

Vice. [*Infortunate condition of Kings,* Seated amidst so many helpeles doubtes, First we are plast vpon extreamest height, And oft opplanted with exceeding hate, But euer subiect to the wheele of chunce, And at our highest never ioy we so, As we both doubt and dread our overthrow, So striueth not the waues with sundry windes,

As

The Spanish Tragedie.

As Fortune toileth in the affaires of Kings,
That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
Sith feare or loue to Kings is flatterie :
For Instance, Lordings looke vpon your King,
By hate depriued of his dearest sonne,
The onely hope of our successsive liue.

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandros* heart,
Had beene in venomde with such extreame hate,
But now I see that wordes haue seuerall workes,
And ther's no credite in the countenance.

Vill. No, for my Lord, had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe, consorted *Balibazar*,
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That hourelly coastes the Centre of the earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.

Vice. No more, *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou slaiest our wounded thoughts.
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating *Alexandros* deat:
Goe some of you and fetch the traitour forth,
That as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter *Alexandro*, with a Noble man, and halberts.

Nob. In such extremes, will nought but patience serue.
Alex. But in extremes what patience shall I vse?
Nor discontents it me to leaue the world,
With whom there nothing can preuaile but wrong.

Nob. Yet hope the best.

Alex. Tis heauen is my hope.

As for the earth it is too much infect,
To yeeld me hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger ye? bring forth that daring friend,
And let him die for his accurled deeple.

Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
(For Nobles cannot stoope to seruile feare)
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue.

E

But

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bur this, O this tormentes my labouring soule,
That thus I die suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as heauen haue knowne my secret thoughtes,
So am I free from this suggestion.

Vice. No more I say; to the tortures, when?
Bind him, and burne his body in thole flames.

Thy bind him to the stake.

That shall prefigure those vnguented fires
Of Phlegion, prepared for his soule.

Alex. My guiltlesse death will be auengde on thee,
On thee Villuppo, that hath malisde thus,
Or for thy meede, haft falsely me accusde.

Villup. Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menace me,
Ile lende a hand to send thee to the lake
Where those thy wordes shall perish with thy workes:
Iniurious traytour, monstrous homicide.

Enter Embassidour.

Stay, hold a while, and heere with pardon of his Maiestie,
Lay handes vpon Villuppo. (trance?)

Vice Embassidour, what newes hath vrg'd this sodaine en-
Embas. Know Soueraigne I, that Balthazar doth liue.

Vice. What sayest thou? liueth Balthazar our Sonnes?
Embas. Your highnesse Sonne L. Balthazar doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of Spaine:
Humbly commeniles him to your Maiestie;
These eyes behelde, and these my followers,
With these the Letters of the Kinges commende,

Gives him Letters.

Are happie witnesse of his Highnesse health.

The King looks on the Letters, and proceedes.

Vice. Thy Sonne doth liue, your Tribune is receiu'd,
Thy Peace is made, and we are satisfied:
The rest resolute upon, as thinges propode,
For both our honors, and thy benefit.

Embas. These are his Highnesse farther Articles.

He gives him more Letters.

Vice. Accursed wretch to intuate these illes

Against

The Spanish Tragedie.

Against the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*: come my Lord vnbind him,
Let him vnbind thicke, that is bound to death,
To make a quittall for thy discontent.

They vnbinde him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindnesse you could do no lesse,
Vpon report of such a damned fact:
But thus we see our innocencie hath fau'd
The hopelesse life which thou *Villuppo* sought
By thy suggestions to haue massacred.

Vice. Say false *Villuppo*, wherefore didst thou thus
Falsly betray Lord *Alexandroes* life?
Him whom thou knowest, that no v_ukindnesse els,
But even the slaughter of our dearest sonne,
Could once haue mooued vs to haue misconceiu'd.

Alex. Say treacherous *Villuppo*, tell the King?
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vsed thee ill?

Villup. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltlesse soule submits me to thy doome:
For not for *Alexandroes* iniuries,
But for reward, and hope to be preserd,
Thus haue I shamelesly hazarded his life.

Vice. Which villaine, shalbe ransomed with thy death,
And not so meane a torment as we heere,
Deuisde for him, who thou saydſt flew our Sonne:
But with the bitterest tormentes and extremes
That may be yet inuented for thine end?

Alex. seemes to intreate.

Intreate me not, go take the traytor hence, *Exit Vil.*
And *Alexandro* let vs honour thee
With publique notise of thy loyaltie,
To end those thinges articulated heere,
By our great L. the mightie King of Spaine,
We with our Counsell will deliberate. *Exaudi.*
Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs compagnie.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hiero. Oh eyes, no eyes but fountaines fraught with teares,

E 2.

Oh

The Spanish Tragedie.

Oh life, no life; but liuely forme of death:
Oh world, no world but masse of publique wrongs,
Confuside and filde wth murder and mildeedes :
Oh Sacred heauens, if this vnhalloved deed,
If this inhumane and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my sonne,
Shall vnuuealed and vnuenged passe,
How shold we tearme your dealinges to be iust,
If you vniustly deale with those that in your iustice trust.
The night sad secretarie to my mones,
With direfull visions wake my vexed soule,
And with the woundes of my distresfull sonne,
Solicite me for notice of his death.
The ougly feends doe sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to vntreueited pathes,
And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudie day my discontents recordes,
Earely begins to register my dreames,
And driue me forth to seeke the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heauens, hel, night and day,
See, search, shew, send some man,
Some meane, that may.

A letter falleth.

Whats heere? A letter? tush, it is not so,

A letter written to Hieronimo.

Red inke.

For want of incks, receive this bloody writ.

Me hath my haples brother hid from thee,

Reuenge thy selfe on Balchazar and him,

For these were they that murdered thy sonne.

Hieronimo, reuenge Horatios deaþ,

And better fare then Bel-imperia doþ.

What meaneſ this vñexpected miracle?

My ſonne ſlaine by Lorenzo, and the Prince.

What cauſe had they Horatio to maligne?

Or what might mooue thee Bel-imperia,

To accuse thy brother, had he beene the meane?

Hieronimo

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hieronimo beware, thou art betrayde,
And to intrap thy lfe this traine is laide:
Aduise thee theretore, be not credulous:
This is deuised to endanger thee,
That thou by this Lorenzo shouldest accuse,
And he for thy dishonour done, shoul draw
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
Deare was the life of my beloued sonne,
And of his death behoues me be reveng'd;
Then hazard not thine owne Hieronimo,
But liue t'effe&t thy resolution:
I therefore will by circumstaunces try
What I can gather, to confirme this writ,
And harkning neare the Duke of Castiles house,
Close if I can with Bel-imperia,
To listen more; but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano.

Hiero. Now Pedringano.

Ped. Now Hieronimo.

Hiero. Wheres thy Lady?

Ped. I know not, heeres my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, who's this, Hieronimo?

Hiero. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady Bel-imperia.

Lor. What to doe Hieronimo? The Duke my father hath
Upon some disgrace a while remoued her hence:
But if it be ought I may informe her off,
Tell me Hieronimo, and Ile let her know it.

Hiero. Nay, nay my Lord, I thankē you, it shall not need,
I had a sute vnto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me vnfourtunate.

Lor. Why so Hieronimo? vse me.

Hiero. Who, you my Lord?
Treserue your fauour for a greater honor,
This is a very toy my Lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

E 3.

Hier.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hiero. Yfayth my Lord tis an idle thing I must confess,
I haue been too flacke, too tardie, too remiss vnto your honor.

Lor. How now *Hieronimo?*

Hiero. In troth my Lord it is a thing of nothing,
The murder of a Sonne, or so;

A thing of nothing my Lord.

Lor. Why then farewell.

Hier. My griefe no hart, my thoughts no tong can tell. *Exi.*

Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*, seest thou this?

Ped. My Lord I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villaine *Serberine*,
That hath (I feare) revealed *Horatios* death.

Ped. My Lord he could not, twas so lately done,
And since he hath not left my companie,

Lor. Admit he haue not, his condition's such,
As feare or flattering wordes may make him false.
I know his humour, and therewith repente
That ere I vsde him in this enterprize.
But *Pedringano*, to prevent the worst,
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,
Heere for thy further satisfaction, take thou this,

Gives him more Gold.

And harken to me: thus it is disguisde,
This night thou must, and prethee so resolute,
Meete *Serberine* at *S. Luggis Parke*,
Thou know'lt tis heere hard by behind the house,
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure,
For die he must, if we do meane to liue.

Ped. But how shall *Serberine* be there my Lord?

Lor. Let me alone, Ile send to him to meete
The Prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

Ped. It shall be done my Lord; it shall be done,
And Ile goe arme my selfe to meete him theere.

Lor. Whenthinges shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount for this, thou know'lt my minde.

Exit Peda.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Che le keron.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord.

*Lor. Goe sirra to Serberine, and bid him foorthwith,
Meete the Prince and me at S. Lingis Parke,
Behinde the house this euening, Boy.*

Page. I goe my Lord.

*Lor. But sirra, let the hower be eight a clocke:
Bid him not fayle.*

Page. I flie my Lord.

Exit.

*Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou haft cast,
Of all these practises, Ile spread the Watch,
Vpon precise commaundement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night shall murder haples Serberine.
This must we worke that will auoyde distrust.
Thus must we practise to preuent mishap,
And thus one ill, at other must expulse.
This fly inquiry of *Heronimo* for *Bel-imperia*, breeds suspition
And this suspition boades a further ill.
As for my selfe, I know my secret faulke,
And so do they, but I haue dealt for them.
They that for Coyne their soules endangered
To sauue my life; for Coyne shall venture theirs;
And better tis that base companions die,
Then by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they liue for me, to feare their fayth:
Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shall be my friend,
For die they shall, flaues are ordaind for no other end. *Exit**

Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.

*Ped. Now Pedringano bid thy Pistoll hold,
And hold on Fortune, once more fauoure me,
Give but successe to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shif for taking of mine ay me:
Heere is the Gold, this is the Gold propoide,
It is no dreame that I aduenture for,
But Pedringano is possesse thereof:*

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And he that would not straine his Conscience
For him, that thus his liberall Purse hath stretcht,
Vnworthy such a fauour may he fayle:
And wishing want, when such as I preuayle:
As for the feare of apprehension,
I know (if neede should be) my noble Lord
Will stand betweene me and ensuing harmes.
Besides, this place is free from all suspect:
Heere therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

- 1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus exprefly chargde to watch?
- 2 Tis by commandement in the Kings owne name.
- 3 But we were never woot to watch nor ward
So neare the Duke his house before.
- 2 Content your felfe, stand close, ther's somewhat in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere Serberine attand and stay thy pace,
For heere did *Don Lorenzoes Page* appoynt,
That thou by his commaund shouldest meeete with him:
How fit a place, if one were so disposde,
Mee thinkes this corner is, to cloſe with one.

Ped. Heere comes the bird that I must ceaze vpon,
Now *Pedringano* or never, play the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordshyp stayes so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Ped. For this *Serberine*, and thou shalt ha't

Shootes the Dagge.

So, there he lies; my promise is performde.

The Watch.

- 1 Harke Gentlemen, this is a Pistoll shot.
- 2 And heere's one slaine; stay the murderer.
- Ped. Now by the forrowes of the soules in Hell,
He striues with the Watch.
Who first layes hand on me, Ile be his Priest.
- 3 Sirra, confesse, and therein play the Priest:
Why hast thou thus vnkindly kild the man?

Ped.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Ped. Why? because he walk't abroad so late.

3 Come sir, you had beeene better kept your bed,
Then haue committed this misdeede so late.

2 Come, to the Marshals with the murderer.

1 On, to Hieronimo: helpe me here,
To bring the murdered body with vs too.

Ped. Hieronomo, cary me before whom you will,
What ere he be, lle answere him and you,
And doe your worst, for I desie you all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo, and Bathazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?

Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischiefe is it that we not mistrust?

Lor. Our greatest illes, we least mistrust my Lord,
And unexpected harmes do hurt vs most.

Bal. Why, tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our honour, & your owne?

Lor. Not you, nor me, my Lord, but both in one,
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault,
Touching the deadi of *Don Horatio*,
We are betraide to old Hieronimo.

Bal. Betrayde, *Lorenzo*, tush it cannot be.

Lor. A guylie conscience vrged with the thought,
Of former euils, easilly cannot erre:
I am perswaded, and diswade me not,
That all's reuealde to Hieronimo,
And therefore know that I haue cast it thus:
But here's the *Page*, how now, what newes with thee?

Page. My Lord, *Serberine* is slaine.

Bal. Who, *Serberine* my man?

Page. Your Highnes man, my Lord.

Lor. Speake *Page*, who murdered him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page. *Petrinano.*

Bal. Is *Serberine* slaine, that loued his Lord so well?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Iniurious villaine, murderer of his friend.

Lor. Hath Pedringano murdered Serborno.
My Lord, let me entreat you to take the paines,
To exasperate and hasten his revenge,
With your complaintes vnto my L. the King.
This their dissencion breeds a greater doubt.

Balk. A slute thee *Don Lorenzo*, he shall die,
Or els his Hightnesse hardly shall denie.
Meane while, he hatte the Marshall Sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed.

Exit Balk.

Lor. Why, so: This fits our former policie,
And thus experience bids the wise to deale.
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point,
I set the trap, he breakes the worthles twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was lunde.
Thus hopefull men that meane to hold their owne,
Must looke like Fowlers to their dearest fiends.
He runnes to kill whom I haue hope to catch,
And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch.
Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,
Or any one in mine opinion,
When men themselues their secretes will reueale.

Enter a messenger with a Letter.

Lor. Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. What's he?

Mes. I haue a Letter to your Lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From Pedringano that's imprisoned,

Lor. So, he is imprisoned then?

Mes. I, my good Lord.

Lor. What would he with vs?

He writes vs here: To stand good L. and helpe him in distres. &c.

Tell him I haue his Letters, know his minde.

And what we may, let him assure him of.

Fellow, be gone, my Boy shall followe thee.

Exit Mes.

This

The Spanish Tragedie.

This workes like waxe, yet once more trie thy wits,
Boy, goe, conuay this purse to *Pedringano*,
Thou knowest the prison, closely give it him :
And be aduise that none be there about.
Bid him be merrie still, but secret :
And though the Marshals Sessions be to day,
Bid hym not doubt of his deliuerie.
Tell him his pardon is already signde,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolued :
For were he ready to be turned off,
As tis my will the vttermost be tride :
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still,
Shew hym this boxe, tell hym his pardons int,
But open't not, and it thou louest thy life :
But let hym wilely keepe his hopes vndeclared,
He shall not want while *Don Lorenz* liues : away.

Page. I goe. *Lord,* I runne.

Lor. But swete that this be cleanly done. *Exit Page.*
Now stand our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or neuer ends *Lorenzo*'s doubt,
One onely thing is vnaffected yet,
And that's to see the Executioner,
But to what ende ? I list not trust the ayre
With vtreance of our pretence therein,
For feare the pruine whispering of the winde,
Conuey our wordes amongst vnfriendly eares,
That lie too open to aduantages.

Et quel que voglio Il ne fum le sa.

Intendendo quel nos basara.

Exit.

Enter Boy With the Boxe.

My Maister hath forbiiden me to looke in this Boxe, and
by my troth tis likely, if he had not warned mee, I should not
haue had so much idle time : for we mens-kinde in our mino-
ritie, are like women in their vncertaintie : that, they are most
forbidden, they wil soonest attempt : so I now, By my bare
honestie, heere's nothing but the bare empie Boxe & were it

F. 2.

not

The Spanish Tragedie.

not sinne against secrecie, I would say it were a peece of gentleman-like knauerie, I must go to Pedringano, and tel him his pardon is in this boxe : nay, I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrarie. I cannot chuse but smile to thinke, how the villaine will flout the gallowes, scorne the audience, and descant on the hang-man : and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Wilt not bee an odde iest, for mee to stand and grace euery iest hee makes, pointing my finger at this boxe as who should say, mocke on, heeres thy warrant. I st not a scuruike iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death. Alas, poore Pearngano, I am in a sort sory for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weepe. *Exit.*

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputie.

Hiero. Thus must we toile in other mens extreames,
That know not how to remedie our owne :
And doe them iustice, when vnjustly we,
For all our wrongs can compasse no redresse.
But shall I neuer live to see the day,
That I may come by iustice (of the heauens)
To know the cause that may my cares alay ?
This toiles my bodie, this consumeth age,
That onely I to all men iust must be,
And neither Gods nor men be I iust to me.

Depu. Worthy Hieronimo, your office askes
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hiero. So ist my dutie to regard his death,
Who when he liued deserued my dearest blood :
But come, for that we came for, lets begin,
For heere lies that which bids me to be gone.

*Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, with a letter
in his hand, bound.*

Depu. Bring soorth the prisoner, for the Court is set.
Ped. Gramercie boy : but it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord anew,
A neerer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten me :
But sith he hath remembred me so well,

Come

The Spanish Tragedie.

Come, come, come on, when shall we to this geere.

Hier. Stand foorth thou monster, murderer of men,
And heere for satisfaction of the worlde,
Confesse thy follie, and repent thy fault,
For there's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is shert worke; well, to your Marshallship;
First, I confess, nor feare I death therefore,
I am the man, twas I flew Serberine.
But sir, then you thinke this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfie you for this geare?

Depu. I, Pedringano.

Ped. Now, I thinke not so.

Hiero. Peace impudent, for thou shalt finde it so.
For blood with blood, shall while I sit as Judge,
Be satisfied, and the Law dischargde,
And though my selfe cannot receiue the like,
Yet will I see that other haue their right,
Dispatch, the fault approued and confess,
And by our law he is condemn'd to die.

Hang. Come on sir, are you ready?

Ped. To doe what, my fine of ficious knaue?

Hang. To goe to this geere.

Ped. O sir, you are too forward, thou wouldest faine furnish
me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit.
So I shoulde goe out of this geere my rayment, into that geere
the rope,
But Hang-man, nowe I spie your knauerie, Ile not chaunge
without boote, that's flat.

Hang. Come, Sir.

Ped. So then I must vp.

Hang. No remedie,

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for comming downe.

Hang. Indeed heere's a remedie for that.

Ped. How, be turned off?

Hang. I truely, coine, are you readie.

I pray you sir dispatch, the day goes away.

Pca. What doe you hang by the houre, if you doe, I may

F 3 chance

The Spanish Tragedie.

chance to breake your old custome.

Ham. Faith you haue no reason, for I am like to break your yong necke.

Ped. Doest thou mocke me *Hang-man*, pray God I be not preserued to breake your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas. Sir, you are a toote too low to reach it, and I hope you will never grow so high while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirra, doest see yonder boy with the Boxe in his hand?

Hang. What he that pointes to it with his finger,

Ped. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him not, but what of him?

Ped. Doest thou thinke to liue till his olde doublet will make thee a new trusse?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeere after, to trusse vp many an honeste man then either thou or he.

Ped. What hath he in his boxe as thou thinkest?

Hang. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly.

Me thinke you shold rather hearken to your soules health.

Ped. Why, Sirra, *Hang-man*, I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the soule: and it may bee in that boxe is balme for both.

Hang. Wel, thou art eu'en the merriest peece of mans flesh that ere gronde at my office doore.

Ped. Is your roagarie become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that shall all they witnes, that see you seale it with a theeues name.

Ped. I prethee, request this good company to pray for me.

Hang. I mary, Sir, this is a good motion; my masters, you see heeres a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone til some other time, for now I haue no great neede.

Hiero. I haue not seene a-witch so impudent.

O monstrous times where murder's set so light,
And where the soule that shoulde be shrinde in heauen,
Solely delights in interdicted things.
Still wandering in the thornie paslages,

That

The Spanish Tragedie.

That intercepts it selfe of happiness,
Murder, O bloody monster, God forbid,
A fault so foule should scape vnpunished.
Dispatch, and see the execution done,
This makes me to remember thee my sonne. *Exit. Hier.*

Ped. Nay soft, no haste,

Depn. Why, wherefore stay you, haue you hope of life?

Ped. Why, I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why, Rascall, by my pardon from the king,

Hang. Stand you on that, then you shall off with this.

He turnes him off.

Depn. So executioner conuay him hence,
But let his bodie be vnburied.
Let not the earth be choaked or infect,
With that which heauen contemnes and men negle&.

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Where shall I runne to breath abroad my woes.

My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclaimes that haue surcharg'd the aire,
With ceasles plaintes for my deceased sonne?
The blustring windes conspiring with my wordes,
At my lament haue moued the leauel trees.
Disrobe the medowes of their flowred greene,
Made mountaines marsh with spring tide of my teares,
And broken through the brasen gates of hell,
Yet still tormented is my tortured soule,
With broken fighes and restles passions,
That winged mount, and houering in the aire,
But at the windowes of the brightest heauens,
Solliciting for iustice and reuenge:
But they are plac't in those imperiall heightes,
Where countermurde with walles of diajond,
I finde the place impregnable; and they
Resist my woes, and giue my wordes no way.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Hang-man with a letter.

Han. O Lord sir, God blesse you sir, the man sir, Petergade,
Sit, he that was so full of merry concerte.

Hier. Well, What of him?

Hang. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way, the fellowe had
a faire commission to the contrary. Sir heere is his pas-
port, I pray you sir we have done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, giue it me.

Hang. You will stand betweene the gallowes and me.

Hier. I, I.

Hang. I thanke your L. worship. *Exit Hang-man.*

Hier. And yet though somewhat nearer me concerte.

I will to ease the griefe that I sustaine,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

My Lord, I write, as my extreames require,
That you Would labour my deliuorie;
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death I shall reueale the troth.
You know, my Lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was con'siderate with the prince and you,
Wonne by rewardes, and hopefull promises,
I holpe to murder Don Horatio too.

Holpe he to murder mine Horatio,
And actors in th'accursed Tragedie.
Wast thou Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my sonne my sonne deserued so well?
What haue I heard, what haue mine eyes beheld?
O Sacred heauens, may it come to passe,
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smothered, and so long conceald,
Shall thus by this be venged or reueald.
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Bel-imperius letter was not fainde,
Nor fained she though falsely they haue wrongde,
Both her, my selfe, Horatio, and themselues.
Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,
Of euery accident, I neare could finde,

Till

The Spanish Tragedie.

Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue
They did what heauen vnpunisht would not leaue.
O false Lorenzo, are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honour that thou didst my sonne?
And Balthazar, bane to thy soule and me,
Was this the ransome he reteru'd thee for?
Woe to the cause of these constrained warres,
Woe to thy basenes and captiuicte,
Woe to thy birth, thy bodie, and thy soule,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquered selfe?
And band with bitter execrations be,
The day and place where he did pittie thee?
But wherefore waste I mine vnfruitfull wordes?
When naught but blood will satisfie my woes?
I wil go plaine me to my Lord the King,
And cry aloude for iustice through the court.
Wearing the flentes with these my withered feete,
And either purchase iustice by intreates,
Or tyre them all with my reuenging threats.

Exit.

Enter Isabella and her maid.

Is. So that you say, this herbe will purge the eye,
And this the head, ah, but none of them will purge the heart:
No, ther's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physick to recure the dead:

She runnes lunaticke.

Horatio. O wher's Horatio.

Maid. Good madame, affright not thus your selfe,
With out-rage for your sonne Horatio.

He sleepes in quiet in the *Elizian* fields.

Is. Why did I not give you gownes and goodly things,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalke too?

To be reuenged on their villainies.

Maid. Madamme, these humours do torment my soule,

Is. My soule, poore soule thou talkes of things
Thou knowest not what, my soule hath siluer wings,
That mounts me vp vnto the highest heauens.
To heauen, I there sitts my *Horatio*.

G

Backe

The Spanish Tragedie.

Backt with a troupe of fierie Cherubines,
Dauncing about his newly healed woundes,
Singing sweet hymnes and chanting heauenly notes,
Rare harmonie to greet his innocencie,
That liued I, dide, a mirrour in our dayes.
But say, where shall I finde the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? whither shall I runne
To finde them out, that murdered my sonne? *Exeunt.*

Bel-imperia, at a window.

Bel. What meanes this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestred from the Court?

No notice: shall I not know the caute
Of this my secret and suspitious ills,
Accursed brother, wakinde murderer,
Why bend's thou thus thy minde to martir me?
Horatio, why write I of thy wrongs?

Or why art thou so slacke in thy reuenge?

Andrea, O *Andrea,* that thou lawest
Me, for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus,
And him for me, thus causeles murdered.
Well, force perforce, I must constraine my selfe
To patience, and appie me to the time,
Till heauen (as I haue hoped) shall set me free.

Enter Christophil.

Chris. Come, Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be.

Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talke no further, thus farre things go well,
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?

Page. Or els, my Lord, I liue not.

Lor. That's enough.

As for his resolution in his ende,
Leaue that to him with whom he soiourns now.
Heere take my Ring, and give it *Christophil*,
And bid him let my Sister be enlarginde,
And bring her hither straight,
This that I did was for a policie,

Exit Page.

To

The Spanish Tragedie.

To smooth and keepe the murther secret,
Which at a nine daies wonder being ore-blowne,
My gentle sister will I now inlarge.

Bal. And time, *Lorenzo*, for my Lord the Duke,
You heard inquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why, and my Lord, I hope you heard me say,
Sufficient reason, why she kept away :
But that's all one, my Lord, you loue her ?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,
Salue all suspitions, onely sooth me vp.
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs :
As for her sweet-heart, and concealement so,
Iest with her gently vnder fained iest,
Are things concealde that els would breed ynclest.
But heere she comes.

Enter Bel-imperia.

Lor. Now, Sister.

Bel. Sister : No, thou art no brother, but an enemy :
Els wouldst thou not haue vsed thy sister so.
First to affright me with thy weapons drawne,
And with extreames abuse my company :
And then to hurrie me like whirl-winds rage,
Amidst a crue of thy confederates :
And clap me vp where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to renueale my wrongs.
What madding furie did possesse thy wits
Or wherein ist that I offended thee ?

Lor. Aduise you better *Bel-imperia*,
For I haue done you no disparagement :
Vnlesse by more discretion then diserued,
I sought to saue your honour and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour, why, *Lorenzo*, wherein ist,
That I negle & my reputation so,
As you, or any neede to rescue it ?

Lor. His highnesse, and my father were resolu'd,
To come conserue with old *Hieronimo*,

G 2.

Con-

The Spanish Tragedie.

Concerning certaine matters of estate,
That by the Vice-roy was determined.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour toucht in that?

Bel. Haue patience Bel-imperia, heare the rest.

Lor. Me next in sight as messenger they sent,
To giue him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consorted with the Prince,
And vncpected in an Arbour there,
Found Bel-imperia with Horatio.

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why then remembiring that old disgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had indurde,
And now were likely longer to sustaine,
By being found so meaneley accompanied.
Thought rather (for I know no reader meane,) *To thurst Horatio soorth my fathers way.*

Bel. And carrie you obsecurely some-where els,
Least that his Highnes should haue found you there.

Bel. Even so my Lord, and you are witnes,
That this is true which he entreateth of.
You (gentle brother forged this for my sake,
And you, my Lord, were made his instrument:
A work of woorth, worthy the nooting too.
But what's the caske that you conceald we since?

Lor. Your melancholy, Sister, since the newes,
Of your first fauourite *Don Andrea* death,
My fathers old wa h hath exasperate.

Bel. And better wast for you being in disgrace,
To absent you selfe, and giue his furte place.

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to add more fowell to the fire,
Who burnt like *Aina*, for *Andreas* losse.

Bel. Had not my father then enquirde for me?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus exculde I thee.

He whispereth in her eare.

*Fu. Bel-imperia, see the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy loue, behold yong Balthazar,*

Whose

The Spanish Tragedie.

Whose passions by thy presence are increast,
And in whose melancholy thou maiest see,
Thy hate, his loue ; thy flight, his following thee.

Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratur,
I know not I, by what experience.
Too politicke for me, past all compare,
Since last, I saw you ; but content your selfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things.

Bel. Tis of thy beautie then, that conquers kings,
Of those thy tressles Ariane's wines,
Wherewith my libertie thou hast surprise, (loose)
Or that thine iuorie trout my sorrowes map,
VVherein I see no Hauen to rest my hope.

Bel. To loue, and feare, and both at once my Lord.
In my concieite, are things of more import
Then womens wits are to be busied with.

Bel. Tis I that loue.

Bel. VVhom ?

Bel. Bel-imperia.

Bel. But I that feare.

Bel. VVhom ?

Bel. Bel-imperia.

Lor. Fear your selfe ?

Bel. I Brother,

Lor. How ?

Bel. As those, that when they loue, are loath, and teare to

Bel. Then Faire, let Balthazar your keeper be,

Bel. Balthazar doth feare as well as we.

Eft tremulo me rispauidom iuxere timorem,

Eft variuus stolida predistis opus.

Exit.

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,

VVeele goe continue this discourse at court.

Bel. Led by the load-starre of her heavenly lookes,

VVends poore oppressed Balthazar,

As ore the mountaines walkes the wanderer,

Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo where them.

2 By your leaue sir.

Hie. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,
Nor as you thinke : you'r wide all :
These slippers are not mine, they were my sonne *Horatio*,
My sonne, and what's a sonne ?
A thing begot within a paire of minutes, there abouts
A lumpe bred vp in darkenesse, and doth serue
To ballace these light creatures we call Women :
And at nine moneths ende, creepes foorth to light.
What is there yet in a sonne ?
To make a father dote, rauue, or runne mad.
Being borne, it poures, cryes, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a sonne ? He must be fed,
Be taught to goe, and speake I, or yet,
Why might not a man loue a Calfe as well ?
Or melt in passion ore a frisking Kid,
As for a sonne, me thinkes a young Bacon,
Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt
Should mooue a man, as much as doth a sonne.
For one of these in very little time,
Will grow to some good vse, where as a sonne,
The more he growes in stature and in yeeres,
The more vnshward, vnbeuelled he appeares,
Recons his parents among the rancke of fooles,
Strikes care vpon their heads with his mad ryots.
Makes them looke olde, before they meet with age :
This is a sonne : And what a losse were this, considered truly.
O but my *Horatio*, grew out of reach of these
Insatiate humours : He loued his loving parents,
He was my comfort, and his mothers ioy,
The very arme that did holde vp our house,
Our hopes were stored vp in him.
None but a damned murderer could hate him :
He had not seene the backe of nineeteene yeere,
When his strong arme vnhorst the proud Prince *Balthazar*,
And his great minde too full of Honour,

Tooke

The Spanish Tragedie.

Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble Portingale.

Well, heauen is heaven still,

And there is Nemesis and Furies,

And things called whippes,

And they sometimes doe meeete with murderers,

They doe not always scape, that's some comtort.

I, I, I, and then time steales on : and steales, and steales

Till violence leapes foroth like thunder

Wrapt in a ball of fire,

And so doth bring confusion to them all.

Good leaue haue you : nay, I pray you goe,

For ile leaue you, if you can leaue me, soe.

2 Pray you which is the way to my L. the Dukes.

Hier. The next way from me.

1 To his house we meane.

Hier. O, hard by, tis yon house that yefee.

2 You could not tell vs if his sonne were theres?

Hier. Who, my Lord, Lorenzo.

2 I, sir.

He goes in at one done, and comes out at another.

Hier. Oh, forbear, for other talke for vs farre fitter were,

But if you be importunate to know,

The way to him, and where to finde him our,

Then lift to me, and ile resolute your doubt,

There is a path vpon your lett hand side,

That leadeth from a guiltie Conscience,

Vnto a forrest of distrust and feare,

A darkesome place and dangerous to passe,

There shall you meeet with melancholy thoughts,

Whose balefull humours if you but vphold,

It will conduct you to dispaire and death :

Whose rockie clifffes, when you haue once beheld,

Within a hugie dale of lasting night,

That kindled with the worlds iniquities,

Doth cast vp filthy and detestea fumes,

Not farre from thence where murtherers haue built,

A habie

The Spanish Tragedie.

A habitation for their cursed soule :
There, in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Ione*,
In his fell wrath vpon a sulpher flame :
Your selues shall finde *Lorenzo* bathing him,
In boyling lead and blood of innocents.

1 Ha,ha,ha.

Hier. Ha,ha,ha : why ha,ha,ha. Forwell good ha,ha,ha.
Exit.

2 Doubtlesse this man is passing lunaticke,
Or impecfection of his age doth make him dote.
Come, lets away, to seeke my Lord the Duke. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hieronimo with a pynard in one hand, and a
rope in the other.*

Hiero. Now sir, perhaps, I come and see the king,
The king sees me, and faine would heare my lute.
Why is not this a strange, and feld seene thing,
That standers by, with toyes should strike me mute.
Goe too, I see their shifft and say no more,
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge,
Downe by the dale that flowes with purple gore,
Standeth a ffeie Tower : there sits a judge,
Vpon a seat of steele and molten brasie :
And twixt his teeth he holdes a firebrand,
That leades vnto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away *Hieronimo*, to him began :
Heele doe thec iustice for *Horatios* death.
Turne downe this path, thou shalt be with him straight,
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breath.
This way, or that way : soft and faire, not so,
For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatios* murder then ?
No, no, fie, no : pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flings away the dagger and halter.

This way Ile take, and this way comes the King.

He takes them vp againe.

And heere Ile haue a fling at him that's flat.
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring.

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And thee, Lorenzo, heere's the King, nay stay,
And heere, I heere : there goes the hare away.

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour what our Vice-roy saith,
Hath he receiu'd the Articles we sent ?

Hier. Justice, Oiustice to Hieronimo.

Lor. Backe, see'st thou not the King is busie ?

Hier. O, is he so ?

King. Who is he that interrupts our busines ?

Hier. Not I : Hieronimo be warc, goe by, goe by.

Embas. Renowned King, he hath receiu'd, and read.

Thy kingly proffers, and thy promist league :

And as a man extremely ouer-joy'd,

To heare his sonne so princelie entertain'd,

Whole death he had so solemnly bewai'd.

This for thy further satisfaction,

And Kinglie loue, he kindly lets thee know :

First, for the marriage of his princelie sonne,

With Bel-imperia thy beloued Neece,

The newes are more delightfull to his soule,

Then Myrrh or Incense to the offended heauens.

In person therefore will he come himselfe,

To see the marriage rites solemnized,

And in the presence of the court of Spaine,

To knite a sure inexplicable band,

Of Kingly loue, and everlasting league,

Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portingale.

There will he give his Crowne to Balthazar,

And make a Queene of Bel-imperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-roys loue ?

Cast. No doubt, my Lord, it is an argument

Of honourable care to keepe his friend,

And wonderous zeale to Balthazar his sonne :

Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,

That bents his likeing to my daughter thus.

Emb. Now last (dread Lord) heere hath his Highnes sent,

Although he send not that his sonne returne,

H.

His.

The Spanish Tragedie.

His ransome due to *Don Horatio*.

Hie. Horatio, who calles *Horatio*?

King, And well remembred, thanke his Maiestie;
Heere see it giuen to *Horatio*.

Hie. Iustice, O iustice, iustice gentle King.

King, Who is that? *Hieronimo*.

Hie. Iustice, O iustice: O my sonne, my sonne,
My sonne, whom naught can ransome or redeeme.

Lor. Hieronimo, you are not well aduisde.

Hie. Iustice, Away *Lorenzo*, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse:

Give me my sonne, you shall not sansome him.
Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,

Hie. diggeth with his Dagger.

And ferric ouer to th'Elizian plaines,
And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly woundes.
Stand from about me; Ile make a Pickaxe of my Poniard,
And heere surrender vp my Marshalship:
For Ile go marshall vp the Feendes in hell,
To be auenged on you all, for this.

King, What meanes this outrage? will none of you restraine
his furie.

Hie. ro. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to striue,
Needes must he go that the duels drieue. *Exit.*

King, What accident hath hapt to *Hieronimo*?
I haue not seene him to demeane him so.

Lor. My gracious Lord, he is with extreame pride,
Conceiuied of young *Horatio* his Sonne,
And couerous of hauing to himselfe,
The ransome of the young Prince *Bahazar*,
Distract, and in a manner lunaticke.

King, Beleue me Nephew we are sorie fort,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes:
But gent'le brother, go giue to him this gold,
The Princes ransome, let him haue his due,
For what he hath *Horatio* shall not want,
Happely *Hieronimo* hath need thereof,

Lor.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. But if he be thus hapleslie distract,
Tis requisite his office be resignde,
And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
Tis best we see further in it first:
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place,
And brother, now bring in the Embassadour,
That he may be a witnessse of the match
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Bel-imperia*,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,
Wherein the Marriage shalbe solemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.

Emb. Therein your highnesse highly shall content
His Maiestie, that longes to heare from hence.

King. On then, and heare your Lord Embassadour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

Iaq. I wonder *Pedro*, why our Maister thus
At midnight sendes vs with our Torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Saue those that watch for rape and bloody murder?

Ped. O *Jaques*, know thou that our Maisters minde
Is much distraught since his *Horatio* dyed,
And now his aged yeeres should sleepe in rest,
His hart in quiet, like a desperat man,
Growes lunaticke and childish for his Sonne:
Sometimes as he doth at his table sit
He speakes as if *Horatio* stood by him,
Then starting in a rage, falles on the earth,
Cryes out *Horatio*, Where is my *Horatio*?
So that with extreame griefe and cutting sorrow,
There is not lete in him one ynce of man:
See where he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. I prie through euery creuie of each wall,
Looke on each tree, and search through euery brake,
Be it at the bushes, stampfe our grandam earth,
Dive in the water, and stare vp to heaven.

H. 2.

Yet

The Spanish Tragedie.

Yet cannot I behold my sonne Horatio.

How now, Who's there, sprits, sprits?

Ped. We are your seruants that attend you sir.

Hier. What make you with your torches in the darke.

Ped. You bid vs light them, and attend you here.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiu'd, not I, you are deceiu'd,
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now,
Light me your torches at the mid of noone,
When as the Sun-God rides in all his glorie:
Light me your torches then;

Ped. Then we burne day light.

Hier. Let it be burnt, night is a murderous slut,
That would not haue her treasons to be scene,
And yonder pale faced Hee-cat there, the Moone,
Doth giue consent to that is done in darkenesse,
And all those Starres that gaze vpon her face,
Are aggots on her sleeue, pins on her traïne,
And thole that should be powerfull and diuine,
Doe sleepe in darkenes when they most should shine.

Ped. Prouoke them not faire sir, with tempting words,
The heauens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow,
Makes you speake you know not what.

Hier. Villaine, thou liest, and thou doest nought
But tell me I am mad, thou liest, I am not mad.
I know thee to be *Pedro*, and he *Jaqnes*,
Ile prooue it to thee, and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she that same night when my *Hor.* was murdred?
She should haue shone: Search thou the booke, (grace
Had the Moone shone, in my boyes face (there was a kind of
That I know) nay, I doe know, had the murderer scene him,
His weapon would haue fall'n and cut the earth,
Had he been fraid of naught but blood and death.
Alacke when mischiese doth it knowes not what,
What shall we say to mischiese?

Enter Isabella.

Hier. Deare Hieronimo, come in a doores.
O, seeke not meanes so to encrease thy sorrow.

Hier. In-

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Indeed, *Isabella* we doe nothing heere,
I doe not cry, aske *Pedro* and aske *Taques*,
Not I indeed, we are very merrie, very merrie.

Ifa. How, be merrie heere, be merrie heere.
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my *Horatio* hied, where he was murdered?

Hier. Was, doe not lay what; let her weepe it out.
This was the tree, I set it of a kiernbell,
And when our hot Spaine could not let it grow
But that the infant and the humaine sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning,
Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine water.
At last it grewe, and grewe, and bore and bore,
Till at the length it grew a gallowes, and did beare our sonne.
It bore thy fruit and inine: O wicked, wicked plant.

One knockes within at the doore.

See who knocke there.

Pedro. It is a painter sir.

Hie. Bid him come in, and paine some comfort,
For surely there's none liues but painted comfort.
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chance,
Gods will, that I should set this tree,
But euen so masters, vngratefull seruants reare from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them vp.

Enter the Painter.

Pain. God blesse you sir.

Hie. Wherfore, why, thou scornefull villaine.
How, where, or by what meanes should I be blest,

Ifa. What wouldst thou haue good fellow.

Pain. Iustice, Madame.

Hie. O ambitious begger, wouldest thou haue that
That liues not in the world,
Why all the vndelued mynes cannot buy
An ounce of iustice, tis a jewel so inestimable:
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all iustice in his hands,
And there is none, but what comes from him. (sonne

Pai. O then I see that God must right me for my murdere

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hie. How, was thy sonne murdered?

Pain. I, sir, no man did hold a sonne so deere.

Hie. What not as thine? that's a lie,

As massie as the earth I had a sonne,

Whose least vnuallued haire did waigh

A thousand of thy sonnes; and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

Hie. Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine,

Was worth a legion: but all is one.

Pedro, Jaques, goe in a doores, Isabella goe,

And this good fellow heere and I,

Will range this hidious orchard vp and downe,

Like to two Lyons reaued of their yong.

Goe in a doores, I say.

Exeunt.

The Painter and he is downe.

Come let's talke wisely now:

Was thy sonne murdered?

Pain. I, sir.

Hie. So was on me.

How doo'it take it: art thou not sometimes mad?

Is there no trickes that comes before thine eies?

Pain. O Lord, yes sir.

Hie. Art a Painter? canst paint me a teare, or a wound,

A groane, or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you haue heard of my painting,
my name's *Bazardo*.

Hie. *Bazardo*, afor-god, an excellent fellow. Look you sir,

Doe you see, I'ld haue you paint me my *Galliric*,

In your oile colours marded, and draw me fwe,

Yeeres youger then I am. Doe ye see sir, let fwe

Yeeres goe, let them goe like the Marshall of Spaine.

My wife *Isabella* standing by me,

With a speaking looke to my sonne *Heratio*.

Which shoulde enten i to this, or some such like purpose?

God blesse thee, my sweet sonne: and my hand leaning vpon
his head, thus sir, doe you see? may it be done?

Pain. Very wel sir.

Hie. Nay,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Nay, I pray marke me, sir. Then sir, would I haue
you paint me this tree, this very tree.

Canst paint a dolefull crie?

Pain. Seemingly, sir.

Hier. Nay, it shoulde crie; but all is one.

Well sir, paint me a youth, run thotow and thorow with vil-
laines swords, hanging vpon this tree.

Canst thou draw a murderer?

Pamter. Ile warrant you sir,

I haue the patterne of the most notorious willaines that ever
liued in all Spaine.

Hie. O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine Arte,
And let their beardes be of *Iudas* his owne colour,
And let their eie-browes iuttie ouerin any case obserue that.
Then sir, after some violent noyse,
Bring mee foorth in my shirt, and my gowne vnder myne
arme, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared vp
thus: and with these wordes.

What noyse is this? Who call's Hieronimo?

May it be done?

Painter. Yea, sir.

Well sir, then bring mee foorth, bring mee thorow allie and
allye, still with a distracted countenance going a long,
and let my haire heave vp my night-cap.

Let the clowdes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres
extinct, the Windes blowing, the Belles towling, the
Owle shriking, the Toades croking, the Minutes ier-
ing, and the Clocke striking twelue.

And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging: And tot-
tering, and tottering as you know the winde will weade
a man, and I with a trise to cut him downe.

And looking vpon him by the aquantage of my torch, finde
it to be my sonne Horatio.

There you may a passion, there you may shew a passion.

Drawe mee like old *Priam* of *Troy*,

Crying, the house is a fire, the house is a fire

As the torch ouer my head. Make me curse,

Make

The Spanish Tragedie.

Make me rauke, make me cry, make me mad,
Make me wellagaine, make me curse hell,
Inuocate heauen, and in the ende, leue me
In a traunce, and so foorth:

Pain. And is this the end:

Hie. O no, there is no endt the end is death and madnesse,
As I am neuuer better then when I am mad,
Then methinkes I am a braue fellow,
Then I doe wonders: But reason abuseth me,
And there's the torment, there's the hell.
At the last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers,
Were he as strong as *Hector*, thus would I
Teare and drage him vp and downe,

*He beates the Painter in, then comes one againe
With a Booke in his hand.*

Vindicta mibi.

I, heauen will be reueng'd of euery ill,
Nor will they suffer murder vntrepaide :
Then stay, *Hieronimo*, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoiut a time.

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus i:er.
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offeted thee,
For euils vnto ils conducters be,
And death's the worst of resolution :
For he that thinkes with patience to contend
To quiet life, his life shall easily ende.

Fata si miseris iuuant habet salutem.

Fata si uitam negant, habet sepulchrum.
If Destinie thy miseries doe eale,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be.
If Destinie deny thee life *Hieronimo*,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a tombe :
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall:
And to conclude, I will reuenge his death,
By how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but ineuitable illes:

As.

The Spanish Tragedie.

As by a secret, yet a certaine meane,
Which vnder kindship will be cloaked best.
Wise men will take their opportunitie,
Closely, and safely fitting things to time,
But in extremes vantage hath no time.
And therefore all times fit nor for reuenge :
Thus therefore will I rest me in ynrest,
Dissembling quiet in vquietnesse,
Not seeming that I know their villanies,
That my simplicitie may make them thinke,
That ignorantly, I will let it slip :
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum iners est.

Nor ought auailes it me to menace theim.
Who, as a wintrie storme vpon a plaine,
Will beare me downe with their nobilitie.
No, no, Hieronimo: thou must enioyne
Thine eies to obseruation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches, then thy spirits afforde,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy Cappe to curtesie, and thy knee to bowe,
Till to reuenge, thou know when, where, and how.

A noise within.

How now, what noise? what coile is that you keepe?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Pettitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you sir,
That you should plead their cales to the King.

Hie. That I should plead their severall Actions :
Why let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three Citizens, and an olde man.

I So, I tell you this, for learning and for law,
Ther's not any Aduocate in Spaine,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That he will in pursuit of equitie.

Hie. Come neare, you men that thus importune me.
Now must I beare a face of grauitie :

I

For

The Spanish Tragedie.

For this I vsde before my Marshalship,
To plead in causes as Corrigedor.
Come on sirs, what's the matter?

2 Sir, an Action.

Hiero. Of Batteries?

1 Mine of Debr.

Hiero. Giue place.

2 No sir, mine is an action of the Case.

3 Mine an Eiection firma by a Lease.

Hiero. Content you sirs, are you determined

That I should plead your feuerall actions?

1 Sir, and heere's my Declaration.

2 And heere is my Band.

3 And heere is my Lease. They give him Papers.

Hiero. But wherefore stand you sillie man so mute,
With mournefull eyes and handes to heauen vpread?
Come hither Father, let me know thy cause?

Senix. O worthy sir, my cause but slightly knowne,
May mooue the hartes of warlike Myrmidons,
And melk the corsicke Rockes with ruthfull teares.

Hiero. Say Father, tell me what's thy suit?

Senix. No sir, could my woes

Giue way vnto my most distresfull wordes,
Then should I not in Paper, as you see,
with Incke bewray, what blood began in mee.

Hiero. What's heere? The humble Supplication
Of Don Bazulio for his murded Sonne?

Senix. I sir.

Hiero. No sir, it was my murded Sonne, Oh my sonne,
Oh my sonne, oh my sonne Horatio:
But mine, or thine, Bazulio be content,
Heere take my Handkercher and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I, in thy mishappes may see,
The liuely portraet of my dying selfe.

He draweth out a bloody Napkin.

O no not this, Horatio this was thine,
And when I dide it in thy dearest blood,

This

The Spanish Tragedie.

This was a token twixt thy soule and me,
That of thy death revenged I should be.
But heere, take this, and this : what my purse?
I this, and that, and all of them are thine :
For all as one, are our extremities.

3. Oh, see the kindnesse of Hieronimo,
This gentlenesse shewes him a Gentleman.
Hero. See, see, oh see thy shaine Hieronimo,
See heere a louing Father to his sonnes
Behold the sorrowes and the sad lamentes,
That he deliuered for his Sonnes deceasle.
If loue effectes to striues in lesser thinges,
If loue enforceth such moodes in meane wits,
If loue expresse such power in poore estates:
Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,
Tost with the winde and tyde ore turnest then
The upper billowes courie of waues to keepe,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deeper
Then shamest thou not Hieronimo to neglect
The swift revenge of thy Horatio?
Though on this earth Iustice wil not be found:
Ile downe to Hell, and in this passion
Knocke at the dismal gates of Plutes Court,
Getting by force as once Alcides,
A troupe of Furies and tormenting Hagges,
To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest :
Yet least the triple headed Porter should
Deny my passage to the flymie strand,
The Thracian Poet thou shalt counterfeit:
Come olde Father, be my *Orpheus*,
And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,
Then sound the burden of the sore hartes griefe,
Till we do gaine that *Proserpine* may graunt,
Reuenge on them that murdere my Sonne.
Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,
Shueting their limnes in peeces with my teeth.

Tearre the papers.

12.

3. Oh

The Spanish Tragedie.

1 Oh,sir,my declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Saue my bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2 Saue my bound.

3 Alas,my Lease,it cost me ten pound,
And you, my Lord, haue borne the same.

Hie. That cannot be,I gaue them neuer a wound,
Shew me one drop of blood fall from the same :
How is it possible I should slay it then ?
Tush no, runne after, catch me if you can.

Excuse all but the old man.

*Bazulio remaines till Hieronimo enters againe,
who staring him in the face, speaketh.*

Hier. And art thou come, *Horatio* from the deapth,
To aske for justice in this vpper earth ?
To tell thy father thou art vnreuengde,
To wring more teares from *Isabellas* eyes :
Whose lights are dim'd with ouer-long lamentes,
Goe backe my sonne,complain to *Eacus*,
For heere's no justice,gentle boy be gone :
For justice is exiled from the earth.
Hieronimo will beare thee companie.
Thy mother cries on righteous *Radaman*,
For iust reuenge against the murderers.

Senex. Alas,my L, whence springs this troubled speech ?

Hie. But let me looke on my *Horatio* :

Sweet Boy,art thou chang'd in deaths blacke shade ?
Had *Proserpine*,no pittie on thy youth ?
But suffered thy faire cristaln coloured spring,
With withered winter to be blasted thus ?
Horatio,thou art older then thy father :
Ah, ruthlesse father,that fauour thus transforms.

Baz. Ah,my good L.I am not your yong sonne.

Hie. What,not my sonne? thou then a furie art,
Sent from the empie kingdome of blacke night,
To summon me to make appearance

Before

The Spanish Tragedie.

Before grim Minos and iust Radaman.

To plague Hieronimo, that is remisfe,

And seekes not vengeance for Horatios death.

Baz. I am a grecued'man, and not a Ghost,

That came for justice for my murdered sonne.

Hie. I, now I know thee, now thou nameſt my ſonne:

Thou art the lively image of my grieſe,

Within thy face my ſorowes I may ſee.

Thy eies are gum'd with teares, thy cheekeſ are wan,

Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttring lips

Murmure ſad words, abruptly broken off,

By force of windie ſighes thy ſpirit breathes,

And all this ſorrow riſeth for thy ſonne:

And ſelfe ſame ſorrow feele I for my ſonne.

Come in old man, thou ſhalt to Isabell,

Leane on my arme: I thee, thou me, ſhalt ſtay,

And thou, and I, and ſhe will ſing a ſong:

Three parts in one, but all of diſcorde fram'd,

Talke not of cordes, but let vs now be gone,

For with a cord, Horatio was ſlaine.

Exeunt.

Enter King of Spaine, the Duke, Vice-roy, and Lorenzo.

Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Bel-imperia.

King. Goe, Brother it is the Duke of Caſtiles cauſe, Salute
the Vice-roy in our name.

Capt. I goe.

Vic. Goe forth Don Pedro, for thy Nephewes ſake,
And greet the Duke of Caſtile.

Pedr. It ſhall be ſir,

King. And now to meet the Portagues.

For as we now are, ſo ſometimes were theſe
Kings and Commanders of the Weſterne Indies.

Wel-come braue Vice-roy to the Court of Spaine,

And welcome all his honorable traine.

Tis not vnknewne to vs, for why ye come,

Or haue ſo kingly croſt the Seas:

Sufficeth it in this we note the troth,

And more then common loue you tend to vs.

The Spanish Tragedie.

So is it that mine honorable Neece,
For it beseemes vs now that it be knowne,
Alreadie is betroth'd to *Balthazar*:
And by appoyntment, and our condiscent,
To morrow are they to be marryed.
To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peaces
Speake men of *Portingale*, shall it be so?
If I, say so: if not, say flatly no?

Vice. Renowmed King, I come not as thou think'st,
With pouefull followers, vnfresolued men,
But such as haue vpon thine Articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me,
Know Soueraigne, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloued Neece,
Faire Bel-imperia with my *Balthazar*,
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see,
Heere take my Crowne, I give it her and thee:
And let me liue a solitarie life,
In ceasell esse prayers
To thyske how strangely heauen hath thee preserued.
King. See brother see, how Nature striues in him,
Come-worthy *Vice-roy*, and accompanie
Thy friend, with thine extremities:
A place more priuate fits this Princely mood.

Vice. Of heere, or where your Highnes thinks it good.

Exeunt all but Cas. and Lor.

Cas. Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let me talke with you,
Seest thou this entertainment of these Kinges?

Lor. I do my Lord, and joy to see the same.

Cas. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her my Lord, whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
And to confirme their promised marriage.

Cas. She is thy sister.

Lor. Who *Bel-imperia*? my gracious Lord,
And this is the day that I haue longd to happelie to see.

Cas. Thou wouldest be loath that any fault of thine,

Should

The Spanish Tragedie.

Should intercept her in her happiness.

Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much.

Cas. Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my wordes,

It is suspected, and reported too,

That thou *Lorenzo* wrongst *Hieronimo*,

And in his suites towardes his Maestie,

Still keepes him backe, and seekes to crosse his fute.

Lor. That I my Lord.

Cas. I tell thee Sonne, my selfe haue heard it sayd,

When to my sorrow I haue been ashamed

To answere for thee, though thou art my Sonne,

Lorenzo, knowelst thou not the common loue,

And kindnes that *Hieronimo* hath wonne,

By his deserues within the Court of Spaine?

Or feest thou not the K. my brothers care,

In his behalfe, and to procure his health?

Lorenzo, shouldest thou thwart his passions,

And he exclaime against thee to the King,

What honour wert in this assemblie,

Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,

To heare *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee?

Tell me, and looke thou tell me truely too,

Whence growes the ground of this report in Courts?

Lor. My Lord, it lyes not in *Lorenzos* pow er,

To stop the vulgar liberall of their tongues:

A small aduantage makes a water breach,

And no man liues, that long contenteth all.

Cas. My selfe haue scene thee busie to keepe backe

Him and his Supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe my L. haue scene his passions,

That ill beseeme the presence of a King?

And for I pittied him in his distresse,

I helde him thence with kind and curiuous wordes,

As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,

As to my soule, my Lord.

Cas. *Hieronimo* my sonne, mistakes thee then.

Lor. My gracious father, beleeue me so he doth.

But

The Spanish Tragedie.

But what's a silly man distract in windē,
To thinke vpon the murder of his sonne,
Alas, how easie is it for him to erre?
But for his satisfaction and the worlds,
T'were good my L. that *Hieronimo* and I,
Were reconcild, if he misconisfer me.
Cast. Lorenzo, thou hast said, it shal be so,
Goe one of you and call *Hieronimo*.

Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia.

Bal. Come Bel-imperia Balthazars content,
My sorrowes ease and soueraigne of my blisse,
Sith heauen hath ordainde thee to be mine:
Disperse those clowds and melancholy lookes,
And cleare them vp with those thy sunne bright eyes,
Wherein my hope, and heauens faire beautie lies.

Bel. My lookes my L. are fittē for my loue,
Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning sunne.

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done,
I see my Lord my father.

Bal. I ruce my loue, I will go salute him.

Cast. Welcome Balthazar, welcome braue Prince,
The pledge of Castiles peace:
And welcome Bel-imperia: How now girle?
Why commest thou sadly to salute vs thus?
Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied,
It is not now as when *Andrea* diu'd,
We haue forgotten and forgiuen that,
And thou art graced with a happier loue.
But Balthazar heere comes *Hieronimo*,
He haue a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo and a Servant.

Hiero. And where's the Duke?

Sir. Yonder.

Hiero. Euen so: what new deuice haue they deuised to?
Pucas Palabras, milde as the Lambe,
Ist I will be reuenged? no, I am not the man.

C. 5.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Cas. Welcome Hieronimo.

Lor. Welcome Hieronimo.

Bal. Welcome Hieronimo.

Hiero. My Lordes, I thanke you for Horatio.

Cas. Hieronimo, the reaon that I sent
To speake with you, is this.

Hiero. What, so short?

Then Ile be gone, I thanke you fort.

Cas. Nay, stay Hieronimo: goe call him sonne.

Lor. Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.

Hiero. With me sir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had.

Cas. Hiero. I heare you find your selfe agreed at my Sonne,
Because you haue not accessse vnto the King:

And say tis he that interceptes your suites.

Hiero. Why, is not this a miserable thing my Lord?

Cas. Hieronimo, I hope you haue no cause,
And would be loth that one of your deserts,
Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne;
Considering how I thinke of you my selfe.

Hiero. Your sonne Lorenzo, whom my noble Lord,
The hope of Spayne, mine honorable friend?
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his sword.

Ile meete him face to face to tell me so,
These be the scandalous reportes of such;
As loues not mee, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I suspect Lorenzo would preuent
Or crosse my sute, that loued my Sonne so well.
My Lord, I am ashamed it shold be said.

Lor. Hieronimo, I never gaue you cause.

Hiero. My good Lord, I know you did not.

Cas. Therè then pause, & for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile Ciprians ancient seate,
And when thou wyl, yse me, my Sonne, and I.

K.

Bat.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bur. heere before Prince Balthazar and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hcr. I marry, my Lord, and shall.
Friends (quoth he) see, he be friends with you all:
Specially with you my louetie Lord,
For diuers causes it is fit for vs,
That we be friends, the world is suspicous,
And men may thinke what we imagine not.

Bal. Why this is friendly done Hieronimo.

Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot.

Hcr. What els, if were a shame it should not be so.

Cas. Come on Hieronimo, at my request,
Let vs entreat your company to day. *Exeunt.*

Hiro. Your Lordships to command,
Tha: keepe your way.

Mi. chi mi fat *Pus Corrizza Che non solo*
Tradis niba orade vule. *Exit.*

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

Ghost.

Awake Eritba, Cerberus awake,
Solicite Pluto gentle Proserpine,,
To cōbmate Aickinon and Erickus in hell,
For neerd by Stix, and Phlegeton:
Nor ferried Caron to the firrie lakes,
Such fearefull fightes, as poore Andrea sees
Revenge awake.

Reveng. Awake, for why?

Ghost. Awake Revenge, for thou art ill aduise,
To sleepes away, what thou art warnde to watch.

Rev. Content thy selfe, and do not trouble me,

Ghost. Awake Revenge, If loue, as loue hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuailance in hell,
Hieronimo, with Lorenzo is ioynde in league,
And intercepts our passage to revenge:
Awake Revenge, or we are woe begone.

Rev. Thus

Mi. Chi mi fa?

Bur.
Qui
Qui

The Spanish Tragedie.

Re. Thus wordlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon
Content thy selfe, *Andrea*, though I sleepe,
Yet is my mood soliciting their soules,
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hierimimo*,
Cannot forget his sonne *Horatio* :
Nor dies *Reuenge*, although he sleepe awhile,
For in vnquiet, quietnesse is found :
And slumbring is a common wordly wile,
Behold *Andrea* for an instance, how
Reuenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
What tis to be subiect to destinye.

Enter a dunome shew.

Ghost. Awake, *Reuenge*, reveale this Mysterie.

Reuenge. The two first, the nuptiall torches boare,
As bright burning as the mid-dayes sunne :
But after them doth *Himen* hic as fast,
Clothed in Sable, and a Saffron robe,
And blowes them out, and quenched them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost. Sufficeth me thy meanings vnderstood,
And thankes to thee and those infernall powers,
That will not tollerate a louers woe,
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Reuenge. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.

Exeunt.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter *Bel-imperia* and *Hieronimo*.

Bel-imperia.

I S this the loue thou bearest *Horatio*?
Is this the kindnes that thou counterfeites?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant teares?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,

K 2.

Thy

The Spanish Tragedie.

Thy protestations, and thy deepe lamentes,
That thou wert wont to weare in withall?
O vnkind Father, O deceitfull worlde,
With what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe?
With what dishonour, and the hate of men?
From this dishonour and the hate of men:
Thus to neglect the life and losse of him,
Whom both my letters, and thine owne beliefes,
Assures thee to be causelesse slaughtered?
Hieronimo, for shame *Hieronimo*,
Be not a historie to after times,
Of such ingratitude vnto thy Sonne,
Vnhappie Mother of such children then:
But monstrous Father, to forget so soone
The death of those, whom they with care and cost,
Haue tendred so, thus carelesse should be lost.
My selfe a stranger in respect of thee,
So loued his life, as still I wish their deathes;
Nor shall his death be vngreueng'd by me,
Although I beare it out for fashions sake,
For heere I sweare in sight of heauen and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldest retaine,
And give it ouer, and devise no more,
My selfe shoulde lend their hatefull soules to hell,
That wrought his downefall with extreamest death.

Hiero. But may it be that *Bel-imperia*,
Vowes such reuenge as she hath dauid to say:
Why then I see that heauen applies our drift,
And all the Saintes do sit soliciting,
For vengeance on those cursed murtherers.
Madame tis true, and now I finde it so,
I found a Letter written in your name,
And in that Letter how *Horatio* dyed:
Pardon, O pardon *Bel-imperia*,
My feare and care in not beleeuing it,
Nor thinke, I thoughtles thinke vpon a meane,
To let his death be vngreuende at full:

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And heere I vow, so you but giue consent,
And will conceale my resolution :
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That cauteles thus haue murdered my sonne,
Bel. Hieronimo, I will content conceale,
And ought that may effect for thine auiale,
Ioyne with thee to revenge Horasius death,

*Hie. On then, whatcouver I devise,
Let me entreat you grace my practises ?
For why the plot's already in my head.
Heere they are.*

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

*Bal. How now, Hieronimo, What courting *Bel-imperial?*
Hie. I, my Lord, such courting, as I promise you
She hath my heart; but you my Lord haue hers. (helpe.
Lor. But now, *Hieronimo*, or neuer wee are to entreat you
Ha. My helpe, why my good Lords assure your selues of me
For you haue giuen me caule, by my faith haue you.
Bal. It please you at the entertainment of the Embassadore
To grace the king so much as with a shew :
Now were your studie so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first nights sport
To entertaine my father with the like :
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure your selfe it would content them well.*

Hier. Is this all ?

Bal. I, this is all.

Hier. Why then Ie fit you, say no more.

*When I was yong I gaue my minde,
And plide my selfe to fruitlesse Poetrie :
Which though it profitte the Professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.*

Lor. And how for that ?

Hie. Marry, my good Lord, thus.

*And yet me thinke you are to quicke with vs,
When in *Toledo*, there I studied,
It was my chance to write a Tragedie :*

The Spanish Tragedie.

See heere my Lords, He shewes them a Speke.
Which long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your Lordships fauour me so much,
As but to grace me with your acting it :
I meane each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will prooue most passing strange,
And wonderous plausible to that assembly.

Bal. What? would you haue vs plaie a Tragedie?

Hie. Nay, *Nero* thought it no disparagement :
And Kings, and Emperours haue tane delight,
To make experiance of their wits in plaies.

Lor. Nay, be not angrie good *Hieronimo*,
The Prince but asked a question,

Bal. In taith *Hieronimo*, and you be in earnest,
Lie make one.

Lor. And I another.

Hier. Now, my good Lord, could you entreat
Your sister *Bel imperia* to make one,
For what's a plaie without a wofman in't?

Bel. Little entreatie shall serue me *Hieronimo*,
For I must needs be imployed in your play.

Hie. Why this is well, I tell you Lordings,
It was determined to haue beene acted,
By Gentlemen and schollers too:
Such as could tell what to speake.

Bal. And now it shall be said, by Princes and Courtiers,
Such as can tell howto speake :
If as it is our Countrey manner,
You will but let vs know the Argument;

Hie. That shall I roundly, The *Cronicles of Spaine*,
Record this written of a Knight of Rhodes :
He was betrothed and wedded at the length,
To one *Perseda*, an Italian Dame,
Whose beautie rauished all that her beheld,
Especially the soule of *Soliman*,
Who at the mariage was the cheefest guest :
By sundry meanes, sought *Soliman* to winne.

Perseda

The Spaniſh Tragedie.

Perſedas loue, and could not gaine the ſame;
Then gan he breake his paſhions to a friend,
One of his Baſhawes whom he held full deare,
Her had this Baſhaw long ſolicited,
And law ſhe was not otherwife to be wonne,
But by her husbands death, this Knight of Rhodes,
Whom preſently by treacherie he flew.
She ſtride with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cauſe of this, ſlew Solimay:
And to escape the Baſhawes tyrauie,
Did ſtab her ſelfe; and this is the Tragedie.

Lor. O, excellent!

Bel. But ſay, Heronimo, What then became of him
That was the Baſhaw?

Hie. Marry, thus, mooued with remorſe of his miſdeedes,
Ran to a mountaine top and hang himſelfe.

Bel. But which of vs is to perorme that part.

Hie. O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it,
Ile play the murderer I warrant you,
For I already haue conieceted that.

Bel. And what ſhall I?

Hie. Great Soliman the Turkish Emperor.

Lor. And I?

Hie. Erasto, the Knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hie. Perſeda, chaste, and reſolute,
And heere, my Lords, are ſeverall abſtracts drawne,
For each of you to note your parts.
And act it as occaſion ſ offerred you.
You muſt provide a Turkish cappe,
A blacke muſtacio, and a Fauchion,

Give a paper to Bel.

You, with a Crosse, like a Knight of Rhodes.

Give another to Lor.

And Madame, you muſt attyre your ſelfe.

Give Bel another.

Like Phebe, Flora, or the hunteſſe,

Which

The Spanish Tragedie.

Which to your discretion shall seeme best,
And as for me my Lords, lie looke to one,
And with the ransome that the Vice-rey sent,
So furnish and performe this Tragedie,
As all the world shall say *Hieronimo*.

Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. Hieronimo, me thinkes a Comedie were better.

Hie. A Comedie, sic, Comedies are fit for common wits,
But to present a Kingly troupe with-all,
Giue me a stately written Tragedie,
Tragedis cothornato, fitting Kings,
Containing matter and not common things,
My Lords, all this must be performed,
As fitting for the first nights revelling.
The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,
That in one hours meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.

Lor. And well it may, for I haue seene the like
In Paris, mongst the French Tragedians.

Hie. In Paris, mas and well remembred,
There's one thing more that rests for vs to doe.

Bal. Whats that Hieronimo forget not any thing?

Hier. Each one of vs must act his part,
In vnyknowne languages,
That it may breed the more varietie.
As you, my Lord, in Latin, I, in Greeke,
You in Italian, and for because I know
That Bel-imperia hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bal. You meane to try my cunning then *Hieronimo*.

Bal. But this will be a meere confusio[n],
And hardly shall we all be vnderstood.

Hier. It must be so, for the conclusion
Shall prooue the iuention, and all was good;
And I my selfe in an Oration,
And with a strange and wonderous shew besides
That I will haue there behinde a curtaine,

Allaze

The Spanish Tragedie.

Assure your selfe shall make the matter knownen,
And all shall be concluded in one Scene,
For there's no pleasure tane in tediousnes;

Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why thus, my Lord, we must resolute,
To sooth his humors vp.

Bal. On then, Hieronimo, farewell till soone;

Hie. Youle ply this gecre?

Lor. I warrant you,

Exeunt all but Hieronimo.

Hie. I, why so, Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heauens in this confusio[n].
And if the world like not this Tragedie,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo.

Exeunt.

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides,
Since neither pietie nor pittie meoues
The King to iustice or compassion:
I will reuenge my selte vpon this place,
Where they murdered my beloued sonne.

She cuts downe the Arbo[ur].

Downe with those branches and these loathsome bowes,
Of this vnfortunate and fatall Pine,
Downe with them Isabella, rent them vp,
And burne the rootes from whence the rest is sprunge,
I will not leaue a roote, a stalke, a tree,
A bough, a brance, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe within this garden plot.
Accursed complot of my miserie,
Fruitlesse for euer may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and bliselesse whosoeuer
Imagines not to keepe it vnmanured.
An Easterne winde commixt with noisome ayres,
Shall blast the plants and the yong saplings.
The earth with serpentes shall be pestered,
And passengers for feare to be infect
Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell:

L

There

The Spanish Tragedie.

There murdred, died the sonne of Isabell,
I, heere he di'd, and heere I him imbrace.
See where his Gholl solicites with his wounds,
Reuenge on her that should reuenge his death,
Huronimo, make hast to see thy sonne,
For sorrow and dispaire hath cited me,
To heare Horatio plead with Radamane,
Make hast Hieronimo, to holde excuse,
Thy negligence in pursuite of their deaths,
Whose hatefull wrath bereau'd him of his breath.
Ah ha, thou doest delay their deaths,
Forgiues the murderers of thy noble sonne,
And none but I, bccittire me to no ende,
And as I curse this tree from further truise,
So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake,
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The haplesse breast that gaue Horatio sucke.

She flabs her selfe.

Enter Hieronimo, he knockes up the curtain.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cast. How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellowes,
That you take all this paine?

Hier. O sir, it is for the Authors credite,
To looke that all things may goe well:
But good my L. let me entreate your Grace,
To give the King the coppie of the Play:
This is the Argument of what we shew.

Cast. I will, *Hieronimo.*

Hier. One thing more, my good L.

Cast. What's that?

Hier. Let me entreate your grace,
That when the traine are past into the gallerie,
You would vouchsafe to throw me downe the key.

Cast. I will *Hieronimo.*

Exit, Cast.

Hier. What are you ready Balthazar?
Bring a chaire and a cushion for the King.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Balthazar with a chaire,

*Well done Balthazar, hang vp the Ticle:
Our Scene is Rhodes, what is your beard on?*

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hier. Dispatch for shame, are you so long?

Exit. Balt.

Bethinke thy selfe Hieronimo,

Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs

Thou hast received by murder of thy sonne,

And lastly, not least, how Isabell,

Onee his mother and thy dearest wife :

All woe begone for him hath sliane her selfe,

Behoues thee then Hieronimo to be reueng'd.

The plot is laid of dire reuenge,

On then Hieronimo, pursue reuenge :

For nothing wants but acting of reuenge.

Exit. Hier.

Enter Spanish King, Vice-roy, Duke of Castile,

and their traine.

King. Now Vice-roy, shall we see the Tragedie,

Of Soliman the Turkish Imperiour :

Perform'd of pleasure by your sonne the Prince,

My Nephew Don Lorenzo, and my Neece.

Vice. Who, Bel-imperiour?

King. I, and Hieronimo our Marshall,

At whose request, they deine to doo't them selues.

These be our pastimes in the Court of Spaine.

Here brother, you shall be the Booke-keeper.

This is the Argument of that they shew.

He gives him a booke.

Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo, in sundry languages,

Was thought good to be set downe in English, more

largely for the easier understanding to

every Publicke Reader.

L 2

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Heironimo.

Balthazar.

*B*ashaw, that Rhodes is ours, y eeld heauens the honour
And holy Mahomet our sacred Prophet :
And be thou grac't, with euery excellency,
That Solman can giue, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes, is leſſe,
Then in refuſing this faire Christian Nymph,
Perſeda bliſfull lampe of excellency :
Whose eyes compell like powretull Adamant,
The warlike heart of Solman to waite.

King. See Vice-roy, that is *Balthazar* your sonne,
That represents the Emperour Solman :
How well he actes his amorous passion.

Vice. I, *Bel-imperia* hath taught him that.

Castile. That's becaute his minde runs all on *Bel-imperia*.

Hcer. What euer ioy earth yeel is betide your Maectie.

Bal. Earth yeelds no ioy, without *Perſeda* loue,

Hie. Then let *Perſeda* on your grace attend.

Bal. She shall not waite on me, but I on her :
Drawne by the influence of her lights, I yeeld.
But let my friend the Rhodian Knight come forth,
Erafto, deerer then my life to me,
That he may see *Perſeda* my beloued.

Enter Erafto.

King. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, looke vpon the plot,
And tell me brother, what part playes he ?

Bel. Ah, my *Erafto*, welcome to *Perſeda*.

Era. Thrise happy is *Erafto*, that thou liuest,
Rhodes losse is nothing to *Eraftos* ioy,
Sith his *Perſeda* liues, his life suruiues.

Bal. Ah, *Bashaw*, heere is loue betwixt *Erafto*,
And faire *Perſeda* soueraigne of my soule.

Hie. Remoue *Erafto* mighty *Solman*,
And then *Perſeda*, will be quickely wonne.

Bal. *Erafto* is my friend, and while he liues,
Perſeda neuer will remoue her loue.

Hie. Let

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Let not *Erafto* liue to grieue great *Solman*.

Bal. Deare is *Erafto* in our princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your riuall let him die.

Bal. Why let him die, so loue commanched me,

Yet grieue I that *Erafto* should so die.

Hier. *Erafto*, *Solman* saluteth thee,

And lets thee wit by me his highnes will:

Which is, thou shouldest be thus employd.

Stab him.

Bel. Aye me *Erafto*, see *Solman*, *Erafto*'s slaine.

Bal. Yet liueth *Solman* to comfort thee,

Faire *Queene* of beautie, let not fauour die,

But with a gracious eyes behold his griefe,

That with *Perfedas* beautie is encreaft?

If by *Perfedas* griefe be not reaft.

Bel. Tyrant, defift soliciting vaine suites,

Relentles are mine eares to thy lamentes,

As thy butcher is pitilesse and base,

Which feazd on my *Erafto*, harmelesse Knight,

Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,

And to thy power *Pereda* doeth obey:

But were she able, thus she would reuenge.

Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince:

Let her stab him.

And on her selfe, she would be thus reueng'd.

Stab her selfe.

King. Well sayd old Marshall, this was brauely done;

Hier. But *Bel-imperia* playes *Pereda* well.

Vice. Were this in earnest *Bel-imperia*,

You would be better to my sonne then so.

King. But now what followes for *Hieronimo*:

Hier. Marty, this followes for *Hieronimo*.

Heere breake we off our funchy languages,

And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.

Happely you thinke, but bootelesse be your thoughts:

That this is fabulously counterfeit

And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,

L 3

To

The Spanish Tragedie.

To die to day for fashioning our Scene)
The death of *Aux*, or some Romane Peete,
And in a minute starting vp againe,
Reuive to please too morrowes audience.
No, Princes: know I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopelesse father of a haplesse sonne,
Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his lateſt tale,
Not to excute grosse errors in the Play.
I ſee your looks vrgie instance of theſe wordes,
Behold the reaſon vrging me to this:

He ſhewes his dead ſonnes.

See heere my ſhew, looke on this ſpectacle:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hathende:
Heere lay my heart, and heere my heart was ſlaine:
Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:
Heere lay my bliſſe, and heere my bliſſe bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, ioy, and bliſſe:
All fled, fauld, died, yea all decayde with this.
From forth theſe woundes came breath that gaue me life,
They murdered me that made theſe fatall markes:
The cauſe was loue, whence grew this mortall hate,
The hate *Lorenzo*, and yong *Balbazar*:
The loue my ſonne to *Bel-imperia*:
But night the eoueror of accuſed crimes,
With pitchie ſilenco hauſt the traitors, harmes,
And lent them leauue, for they had ſorted leaſure,
To take aduaantage in my garden plot:
Upon my ſonne, my deare *Horatio*:
There mercileſe they butchered vp my boy,
In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruel death,
He ſhakes, I heard, and yet me thinkes I heare,
His diſmall out-crie echo in the ayre:
With ſoonest ſpeed I haſted to the noyſe,
Where hanging on a tree I ſound my ſonne:
Through girt with wounds and flaughtered as you ſee,
An' greeued I (thinke you) at this ſpectacle?
Speake *Portagues*, whose loſſe reemblis mine,

The Spanish Tragedie.

If thou canst weepe vpon thy Balthazar ?
Tis like I waild for my Hieratio.
And you, my L. whose reconciled sonne,
Marcht in a net, and thought himselfe vnsene,
And rated me for braune-sicke-lunacie,
Which God amende, that mad Hieronimo,
How can you brooke our playes Catastrophe ?
And heere behold this blodie hand-kercher,
Which at Hieratios death, I weeping dipt,
Within the river of his bleeding woundes ;
It is propitious, see I have reserued,
And never hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow,
With these, O these accursed murderers,
Which now performde, my heart is satisfied.
And to this end the Bashaw I became,
That might revenge me on Lorenz, his life ;
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conueniently.
So Vice-roy, was this Balthazar thy sonne,
That Soliman which Belimperia,
In person of Perseda murdered :
Soly appointed to that tragicke part,
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poore Belimperia misst her part in this,
For though the storie saith she should haue died,
Yet I of kindnesse, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her ende.
But loue of him, whom they did hate too much,
Did urge her resolution to be such.
And Princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author, and actor in this Tragedie :
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist :
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the actors gone before.
And Gentles, thus I end my play,

Vrgo

The Spanish Tragedie.

Vrge no more wordes, I haue no more to say.
Heruns to hang himselfe.

King. O hearken Vice-roy, hold Hieronimo.
Brother, my Nephew and thy sonne are slaine.

Vice. We are betrayde, my Balthazar is slaine.
Breake ope the doores, run, saue Hieronimo.

They breake in, and hold Hieronimo.
Hieronimo, Doe but enforme the King of these euents,
Vpon mine honour thou shalt haue no harme.

Hier. Vice-roy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Whiche I this day haue offered to my sonne:
Accurst wretch, why stayst thou him that was resolued to die?

King. Speake Traitor, damned bloody murderer speak,
For now I haue thee, I will make thee speake,
Why hast thou done this vndeserving deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?
Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

Hier. But are your sure they are dead?
Cast. I, slauie, too sure.

Hier. What and yours too?

Vic. I, all are dead, not one of them surviuie.

Hier. Nay, then I care not, come, and we shall be friends,
Let vs lay our heades together,

See here's a goodly nowfle will hold them all.

Vice. O damned Deuill, how secure he is:

Hier. Secure, why doest thou wonder at it.
I tell thee Vice-roy, this day I haue scene reueng'd,
And in that sight am growne a powder Monarch,
Then euer sat vnder the Crowne of Spaine:
Had I as many lyues as there be Starres,
As many Heauens to go to, as thosse liues,
Ide give them all, I and my soule to boote,
But I would see thee ride in this red poole.

Cast. Speake, Who were thy confederates in this?

Vic. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia,
For by her hand my Balthazar was slaine.

I saw

The Spanish Tragedy.

I saw her stab him.

Hie. O good words: as deare to me was my *Horatio*,
As yours, or yours, or yours my *L.* to you.

My giltyesse sonne was by *Lorenzo* slaine,
And by *Lorenzo*, and that *Balthazar*.

Am I at last revenged thorowly.

Vpon whose soules may heauens be yet revenged,
With a greater farre then these afflictions.

Me thinkes since I grew inward with reuenge,
I cannot looke with scorne enough on death.

King. What doest thou mocke vs slauie, bring torturs forth.

Hie. Doe, doe, doe, and meane time Ile torture you

You had a sonne (as I take it) and your sonne,
Should ha'e beene married to your daughter: ha, wast not so?

You had a sonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew.

He was prouide and politicke, had he liued,

He might a come to weare the crowne of Spaine.

I thinke twas so: twas I that killed him,

Looke you this same hand, twas it that stab'd

His heart, Doe you see this hand?

For one *Horatio*, if you euer knew him

A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers gardenes

One that did force your valiant sonne to yelde,

While your more valiant sonne did take him prisoner:

Vs. Be deafe my sences, I can heare no more.

King. Fall heauen, and couer vs with thy sad ruines.

Cast. Rowle all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

Hie. Now doe I applaud what I haue acted.

Nunck mers cada manus.

Now to expresse the rupture of my part;

First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.

He bites out his tongue.

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch,

See *Vice-roy*, he hath bitten forth his tongue,

Rather then to reueale what we requirede.

Cast. Yet can he write.

M

King. And

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. And if in this it satisfie vs,
We will devise the xtreamelest kind of death,
That euer was inuocated for a wretch,

• *Cay.* O, he would haue a knife to mend his pen.
Vice. Heere, and aduise shee that thou write the troth.

Looke to my brother *faue Hieronimo.*

• *He with the knife stabbs the Duke and himselfe.*
King. What age hath euer heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother and the whole succeeding hope,
That Spaine expected after my disease.
Go beare his hodie hence that we may mourne
The losse of our beloued brothers death,
That he may be in tomb'd what ere befall,
I am the next the neerest last of all.

Vice. And thou *Don Pedro*, doe the like for vs,
Take vp our haples sonne vntimely slaine:
Set me with him, and he with wofull me,
Vpon the maine mast of a ship vnmand,
And let the winde and tide hale me along,
To *Silles* barking and vntamed griefe:
Or to the lothsome poole of *Acheron,*
To weepe my want for my sweet *Balthazar,*
Spaine hath no refuge for a Portingale. *Execute.*

¶ *The trumpets sound a dead March, the King of Spaine*
mourning after his brothers body, and the king of Por-
tingale bearing the body of his sonne.

Enter Ghost and Rehenge.

Ghost.

I now my hopes haue ende in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires,
Horatio murdered in his fathers bower,
Vile *Serberino*, by *Pedringano* slaine:

False.

The Spanish Tragedie.

False Pedring no hangd by quaint deuice,
Faire Isabella, by her selfe misdone.
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stab'd,
The Duke of Castile and his wicked sonne,
Both done to death by old Hieronimo.
My Bel-imperia falne as Didotell,
And good Hieronimo slaine by himselfe:
I, theire were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I begge at louely Proserpine,
That by the vertue of her Princeely doome,
I may confort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my fooes worke iust and sharpe reuenge.
Ile lead my friend Horatio through those fieldes,
Where neuuer dying warres are still inurde.
Ile leade faire Isabella to that traine,
Where pittis weepes, but neuuer feeleth paine.
Ile lead my Bel-imperia to thosc ioyes,
That Vettall vergins, and faire Queenes possesse,
Ile leade Hieronimo wher' Orpheus playes,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternall dayes.
But say Reuenge, for thou must helpe or none,
Against the rest how shall my hate be shoun?

Reuenge.

This hand shall hale them downe to deepest hell,
Where nought but furies, bugs, and tortures dwell.

Choift.

Then sweete Reuenge doe this at my request,
Let me be iudge, and doome them to vncit,
Let loose poore Titius from the Vulkures gripe,
And let Don Ciprian supply his roome.
place Don Lorenzo on Ixions wheele,
And let the Louers endles paines furcease:
Iuno forgets old wrath and grants him easse.
Hang Balthazar about Chimeras necke
And let him there bewaile his bloodie loue,
Repinning at our ioyes that are aboue.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Let Sorberino goe toule the fatal stone,
And take from Sicopus his endless^e mone.
False Pedringana for his trecherie,
Let him be dragde through boiling Acheron.
And there liue dying still in endles flames,
Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

Revenge.

Then haſte we downe to mæſte thy friends and foes,
To place thy friends in eafe, the rest in woes,
For heare though death had end their miserie,
Ile there begin their eadles Tragedie. Exeunt.

FINIS.

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